

THE ATHENÆUM

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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—
JUNIOR SCHOOL, under the government of the Council of the College.

Head Master—THOMAS HEWITT KEY, A.M.

The SCHOOL will OPEN on TUESDAY, the 23rd of SEPTEMBER. The Session is divided into three Terms, viz., from the first of September to Christmas, from Christmas to Easter, and from Easter to the 2nd of August.

The yearly payment for each pupil is £1., of which £1. are paid in advance in each Term. The hours of attendance are from a quarter past 9 to three-quarters past 3 o'clock.

The Classes on Wednesday and Saturday are devoted exclusively to Drawing.

The subjects taught are Reading, Writing, the English, Latin, French, and German Languages; Ancient and English History, Geography, &c. Physiology, Practical Arithmetic, and Elements of Algebra; the Elements of Mathematics and of Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, and Drawing.

There is a general examination of pupils at the end of the Session, and Prizes are then given.

The discipline of the School is maintained without corporal punishment.

A monthly report of the conduct of each pupil is sent to his parent or guardian.

Further particulars may be obtained at the Office of the College.

CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

The College Lectures in the Classes of the Faculty of Medicine will commence on the 1st of October; those of the Faculty of Arts on the 10th of October.

August, 1851.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, BELFAST.
SESSION 1851-52.

FACULTY OF ARTS.

The SESSION will COMMENCE on TUESDAY, OCTOBER 1ST, and the FINAL EXAMINATION will begin FRIDAY, OCTOBER 24TH.

FOURTY-FIVE SCHOLARSHIPS, of the value of £25. each, will be awarded, by examination, at the commencement of the Session. Students are exempted from payment of one-half the Class Fees in this case.

For the terms and subjects of the several examinations, the scope of study, and other particulars, including full information as to the method of proceeding for the Degrees of B.A. and M.A. in Queen's University in Ireland, see 'The Belfast Queen's' in Calendar for 1851.

(By order of the President.) W. J. C. ALLEN, Registrar.

Queen's College, Belfast, June, 1851.

GOVERNMENT SCHOOL of MINES and of SCIENCE APPLIED to the ARTS.

MUSEUM of PRACTICAL GEOLOGY.

The Course of Study at this Institution will commence on FRIDAY, the 6th of NOVEMBER, 1851, and the following week the first practical Demonstrations will be given during the session.

CHEMISTRY, applied to Arts and Agriculture—Lyon Playfair, Ph.D. F.R.S.

NATURAL HISTORY, applied to Geology and the Arts—Edward Forbes, M.A.

METALLURGICAL SCIENCE, with its applications to Mining—Robert Hunt, Keeper of Mining Records.

METALLURGY, with its special applications—John Percy, M.D. F.R.S.

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The fee for the Course of Two Years is one payment of Thirty Pounds; or Twenty Pounds for each Session, from November to August, inclusive.

Practical Instruction in the Field, in Geology, Mining, and Metallurgical Sciences will be given above ground, and Mineralogical Specimens may be seen in several Courses of Lectures and Field Instruction on payment of the Fees mentioned in the Program.

The Laboratories for Chemistry and Metallurgy will be open for the examination of specimens, and for practical instruction in Mining, &c., to all persons.

Persons who have a reduction of 20% will be found a companion with considerable interest.

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[AUG. 30, '51]

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REVIEWS

The History of Mary, Queen of Scots. By F. A. Mignet. 2 vols. Vol. I. Bentley.

This story of Mary Stuart belongs to a class which never fails in interest. As in the case of Cromwell, Lucrezia Borgia, Joan of Arc, Napoleon, and a few others of rare genius or rarer fortunes, no one writer can exhaust the materials, take all the possible points of view, fill up all the outlines to any third person's entire satisfaction. Perhaps no other woman has had so many biographers, historians, and poetic illustrators as the unfortunate Queen of Scots. The list includes men of nearly all degrees and countries,—French, Italian, Russian, English, Spanish, and German. She is the subject of many pages in stern old Knox. Calvin had much to say of her and her affairs. She was the inspiration of Ronsard's muse. Lesley and Buchanan both discuss at length the events of her varied life. She is the heroine of one of Schiller's most touching plays. Scott has thrown around her features the romantic halo of his genius. Nor has the humbler aid of antiquaries and book-worms been wanting to her cause. Keith and Robertson each contributed a mass of original matter towards its better understanding. Anderson's 'Collections' and Goodall's 'Examination' contain many important papers; still more are to be found in Digges, Hardwicke, Haynes, and Murdin. Mr. George Chalmers has written a life of the Queen based on documents found in the State Paper Office; Mr. Glassford Bell contributed a not very recondite account of her in a volume of Constable's Miscellany; Mr. Patrick Fraser Tytler, the last historian of Scotland, added from the State Papers new materials to those on which our grandfathers and grandmothers had argued the vices and virtues of Mary:—and lastly, as if moved not to leave to any future writer a chance of connecting his name with that of the Queen of Scots, Prince Labanoff collected in seven large volumes every shred of her correspondence which could be gathered from the archives of France, Italy, England, and other countries.

After all these labours—this unwearying collection of evidence, this elaborate portraiture of character, this dramatic narrative of events—it may well be asked—why more labour, fresh discussion, a new life? M. Mignet's work, judging as we must by the volume now before us, promises to be a satisfactory answer to these queries. Some little the French historian has added from his own independent researches to the great collection of original evidence;—having for the first time read the long series of events between 1558 and 1588, the earnest and tragic rivalry between the two faiths and the two Queens, by the aid of such lights as the confidential letters of Philip the Second, then the head of Catholic Europe, of the Duke of Alva, and of the Spanish ambassadors in London, Rome, and Paris throw on the history of their times. Some of this correspondence is extremely curious; and though it may not have all the importance attached to it by M. Mignet, we are yet grateful to him for making it public. The attraction of his work, however, depends less on the historical value of the new matter introduced into it than on the novelty of his point of view. "I shall not judge Mary Stuart," he writes in the introductory chapter, "as she would be judged by a Catholic or a Protestant, a Scotchman or an Englishman. With the calm impartiality of history I shall strive to show how far her misfortunes were merited, and how far they were the result of necessity, by giving such

an explanation of her position and conduct as shall be devoid at once of indulgence and of harshness." This aim at the judicial is not, however, always achieved. If M. Mignet avoids being Protestant and English,—he not unfrequently forgets the judge in the *philosophie* and the Parisian. Shunning the prejudices of one creed and nation, he falls the more certainly into those of another. A Frenchman is generally a Frenchman above all things,—and M. Mignet is no exception to the rule. While striving to look with equal eye on courtier and on presbyter, it is but too evident that now and then the sympathy fails where the reasons for it are strongest. He is not absolutely unjust to the men of the "Covenant," like Sir Walter Scott; but the stern virtues of Knox, the zeal, energy, and good faith of Murray, and generally the brighter side of character in the men opposed to Mary of Lorraine, do not meet with due recognition at the historian's hand. The beauty and animation of the young Queen in the palace of Francis the First have for him a charm in their connexion with old French splendour, gaiety, and chivalry. He dwells with marked fondness on the character of that half-literary, half-military—but always lax, bigoted, and persecuting—court in which Mary was brought up:—and while he fully makes over to the Scotch whatever he finds of evil in her nature, he claims for France the whole credit of her grace, vivacity, poetic tastes, intellectual culture, and refined manners.

To such claims when reasonably advanced we have no objection. Half French by birth, Mary was wholly so by education, early life, and style of thought. She habitually spoke the idioms of France. From first to last, her heart was in that country. "I have often seen her," says old Brantôme, "dread this voyage as greatly as her death, and desire a hundred times rather to remain a simple dowager in France than to go and reign in her own wild country." On the scaffold, at Fotheringay Castle, almost her last words were—"I rejoice that I have always been true to France, the land of my happiest years." The nearest relations of her blood were all French. Her first husband was a king of France. She corresponded with her mother in French. She wrote French verses. Her graces and her vices may be traced to the same common source; and it is therefore in the letters and memoirs of the celebrated nobles and courtiers of France—in those of Noailles, Montluc, De Foix, Du Croc, Mauvissière and D'Esneval, for example—and in the poems of Ronsard and the diplomatic notes of Lamothe Fénelon, that the early history of her misfortunes, or, in other words, the early perversion of her mind, should be sought. It is to his greater familiarity with such sources of information, comparatively unknown to Mary's Scotch biographers, that the work of M. Mignet owes its novelty and interest.

An extract from M. Mignet's chapter on the early training of Mary will supply a clue to some of the miseries which came down on her in after life.—

"The mental and personal attractions of Mary Stuart were early developed. She was tall and beautiful. Her eyes beamed with intelligence, and sparkled with animation. She had the most elegantly-shaped hands in the world. Her voice was sweet, her appearance noble and graceful, and her conversation brilliant. She early displayed those rare charms which were destined to make her an object of universal admiration, and which rendered even her infancy seductive. She had been brought up with the daughters of Catherine de Medici, and under the superintendence of the learned Margaret of France, the sister of Henry II., the protectress of Michel de l'Hôpital, and who subsequently married

the Duke of Savoy. The court, in the midst of which Mary Stuart had grown up, was then the most magnificent, the most elegant, the most joyous, and, we must add, one of the most lax, in Europe. Still retaining certain military customs of the middle ages, and at the same time conforming to the intellectual usages of the time of the *renaissance*, it was half chivalric and half literary,—mingling tournaments with studies, hunting with erudition, mental achievements with bodily exercises, the ancient and rough games of skill and strength with the novel and delicate pleasures of the arts. Nothing could equal the splendour and vivacity which Francis I. had introduced into his court by attracting thither all the principal nobility of France, by educating as pages therein young gentlemen from all the provinces, by adorning it with nearly two hundred ladies belonging to the greatest families in the kingdom, and by establishing it sometimes in the splendid palaces of Fontainebleau and Saint Germain, which he had either built or beautified, on the banks of the Seine, and sometimes in the spacious castles of Blois and Amboise, which his predecessors had inhabited, on the banks of the Loire. A careful imitator of his father's example, Henry II. kept up the same magnificence at his court, which was presided over with as much grace as activity by the subtle Italian, Catherine de Medici; whose character had been formed by Francis I., who had admitted her into the *petite bande des ses dames favorites*, with whom he used to hunt the stag, and frequently sport with alone in his pleasure-houses! The men were constantly in the company of the women; the Queen and her ladies were present at all the games and amusements of Henry II. and his gentlemen, and accompanied them in the chase. The king, on his part, together with the noblemen of his retinue, used to pass several hours every morning and evening in the apartments of Catherine de Medici. 'There,' says Brantôme, 'there were a host of human goddesses, some more beautiful than the others; every lord and gentleman conversed with her whom he loved the best; whilst the King talked to the Queen, his sister, the Dauphiness (Mary Stuart), and the princesses, together with those lords and princes who were seated nearest to him.' As the Kings themselves had avowed mistresses, they were desirous that their subjects should follow their example. 'And if they did not do so,' says Brantôme, 'they considered them coxcombs and fools.' Francis I. had taken as his mistresses, alternately, the Countess de Chateaubriand and the Duchesse d'Etampes; and Henry II. was the chivalrous and devoted servant of the Grand Seneschal of Normandy, Diana of Poitiers. But besides their well-known amours, they had other intrigues; and Francis I., in his unblushing licentiousness, prided himself on training the ladies who arrived at his court. His second in this work of debauchery and corruption was Mary Stuart's uncle, the opulent and libertine Cardinal of Lorraine."

From a Cardinal of Lorraine thus employed to John Knox and the stern Presbyterians of the north the step was indeed vast; and there is little wonder that a woman reared in a creed and in a manner hateful to the people should have found her path strewn with thistles in a land to which she returned, though its queen, ungraciously sullen, joyless and repining,—even without allowing for the savage manners and despotic intrigues of the half-barbarian nobles among whom she found herself thrown.

The intrigues of the court, the quarrels between Mary and Elizabeth, the never-ending negotiations for the marriage of one or other of the two Queens, are all described at great—indeed at disproportionate—length in this volume: the writer being evidently tempted to sacrifice the proportions of his book as a work of art to his wish to bring in as much as possible of the diplomatic gossip copied from the archives of Simancas. The following conversation with Elizabeth was reported by Guzman de Silva on occasion of the famous proposal of Catherine de Medici to marry her son, Charles the Ninth, then fifteen, to Elizabeth, then thirty.—

"It is said," began Silva, "that Your Majesty intends to marry the King of France."—Elizabeth slightly hung down her head and began to laugh: presently she added, "I will make a confession to you because you are now in Lent, and you are my friend. Propositions have been made for my marriage with my brother the Catholic King, with the King of France, and with the kings of Sweden and Denmark."—And with the Archduke also," interrupted Silva. "Your are right," replied Elizabeth; "your Prince Royal is the only one who has not been mentioned to me."—The reason of this is clear, said Silva; "the King, my master, must consider it certain that you do not intend to marry, because when he offered you his hand, though he is the greatest prince in Christendom, and, as Your Majesty has yourself told me, you are under great obligations to him,—you did not accept him."—It does not appear so clear to me," answered Elizabeth, "for at that time I thought much less about getting married. Even now, if I could appoint such a successor to my crown as I could wish, I promise you that I would not marry. I have never been much inclined to marriage. But my subjects urge me so strongly that I shall not be able to evade compliance, unless some other means are found, which it will be very difficult to do. A woman who does not marry is exposed to the scandal of everybody. It is supposed that she remains single on account of some physical imperfection, or else bad motives are attributed to her. It was said regarding me, for instance, that I did not marry because I was attached to the Earl of Leicester, and that I did not marry the Earl of Leicester because he had got a wife already. Now his wife is dead, and yet I do not marry him. But although we cannot restrain people's tongues, the truth prevails in the end and becomes universally acknowledged. God knows the thoughts of my heart, that they are very different from what they are supposed to be. But tell me, if this marriage with the King of France were to take place, what should you think of it?"—That the road would be neither good nor easy to travel. You would find many rough places in it," Elizabeth laughed, and changed the subject. A short time afterwards, she assured Silva that she did not intend to accept the propositions of the Court of France."

We pass by M. Mignet's clear and copious relation of the curious crime and tragic end of Chastelard and the murder of David Riccio,—to come to his account of the yet more atrocious assassination of the Queen's husband, Lord Darnley. In dealing with the history of this terrible crime, from its first suggestion to the night of its execution at Kirk of Field, the historian escapes more completely than usual from the thralldom of national ideas and interests; and we consequently obtain from his neutral pen a more exact and copious narrative than is to be found in any previous writer. Our readers have in former years followed us over this ground with Mr. Patrick Fraser Tytler, and when noticing the light thrown on it by the collection of documents due to the care of Prince Labanoff. But M. Mignet is so minute, and it is so interesting to see the conclusions at which he arrives from an examination of all the papers in the cause, and looking from his peculiar point of view, that we think our readers of to-day will be glad that we should extract the narrative at some length. Connecting together and compressing several passages, we will endeavour therefore by supplying a slight thread of our own to place the account of this dark and much controverted passage in the Queen's life, as given by this last and calmest writer on the subject, before them.

Darnley and the Queen had been estranged from the time of Riccio's favour; and the brutal murder of her secretary added bitterness on Mary's side to the former apathetic indifference. Then arose in her mind a fatal passion for Bothwell, which her courtiers readily understood. They offered by Darnley's "removal"

to prepare the way for a marriage with the new favourite. The Queen told them to do nothing "by which any spot might be laid on her honour." Bothwell engaged all her friends and connexions in the plot:—but the Queen, was she a consenting party? Thus writes M. Mignet.—

"She still retained feelings of distrust and animosity towards Darnley, whom she now accused of conspiring against her life. According to statements attributed to William Hiegate and William Walcar, two servants of the Archbishop of Glasgow, but which they denied when they were interrogated and confronted, the King had resolved to seize the person of the young Prince, his son, to have him crowned without delay, and to govern in his name. Out of fear of this chimerical plot, the Queen removed the Prince Royal from Stirling to Edinburgh. * * The day after she had expressed herself with such suspicious severity of Darnley, she set out for Glasgow, to lavish marks of the strongest affection upon him whom she judged so unfavourable, and detested so thoroughly. Darnley, who was still an invalid, was greatly surprised at this unexpected visit. He knew that Mary Stuart had recently spoken of him in very harsh terms, and he had received some vague warnings of the Craigmillar conspiracy. He did not conceal his apprehensions from the Queen, but told her that he had learned from the Laird of Minto, that she had refused to sign a paper which had been presented to her, authorizing his seizure, and if he resisted, his assassination. He added that he would never think that she, who was his own proper flesh, would do him any hurt; and then, with more vanity than confidence, he declared that if any others should intend to injure him, he would sell his life dear, unless they took him sleeping. Mary in turn reminded him of his intention to retire to the Continent, and of the project attributed to him by Hiegate and Walcar. He affirmed that he had never been serious in his threats of departure, and denied the second charge with vehemence. After having reproached him with his fears and suspicions, and evinced more gentleness and less aversion towards him than usual, Mary had no difficulty in regaining all her former influence over him."

M. Mignet pauses at this point to pronounce judicially that, "blinded by passion, and obedient to the ferocious and ambitious will of her lover, Mary Stuart went to Glasgow to gain Darnley's confidence by manifesting a hypocritical interest in his condition, that she might place him in the hands of his enemies." This is a decision too terrible to be acquiesced in on almost any amount of merely circumstantial evidence:—but it cannot be denied that the evidence of circumstance is painfully strong.—To return to the narrative.—

"Bothwell had placed in her service, as valet, a Frenchman named Nicolas Hubert, who had been her own servant for very many years, and who was usually called Paris, from the place of his birth. This Paris, who was one of the agents employed by his old master in the execution of the plot against the King's life, accompanied the Queen from Edinburgh to Glasgow when she paid Darnley her late visit. Two days after her arrival, Mary Stuart sent him back to Bothwell with a letter which attests at once the affection which she felt for Bothwell and the part which she took in his sinister designs. 'Being departed from the place where I left my heart,' she said, 'it is easy to be judged what was my countenance.' After having given him an account of her journey to Glasgow, and having described to him Darnley's fearful mistrust and affectionate demonstrations, as they are mentioned in the deposition of Thomas Crawford, (a gentleman in the service of the Earl of Lennox, to whom Darnley communicated his interview with the Queen,) she went on to say,—'I have never seen him better, or speak so humbly; and if I had not known from experience that his heart is as soft as wax and mine as hard as diamond, I should almost have taken pity on him. However, fear nothing.' She was nevertheless disgusted at the perfidy which her passion induced her to practise, and which she called her *hateful deliberation*. 'You constrain me so to dissimulate,' she added, 'that I

am horrified, seeing that you do not merely force me to play the part of a traitress. I pray you remember that if desire to please you did not force me, I would rather die than commit these things; for my heart bleeds to do them. In brief, he will not come with me unless upon this condition, that I will promise to use in common with him a single table and the same bed as before; and that I shall not leave him so often; and that if I will do this, he will do all I wish, and will follow me.' Carried away by the violence of her love, she told Bothwell that she would obey him in all things; and begged him not to conceive a bad opinion of her; 'because,' she continued, 'you yourself are the occasion of it: I would never act against him to gratify my own private revenge.' She did not conceal the object she had in view—object which was attained two months after the murder of Darnley, by Bothwell's divorce from Lady Jane Gordon, and marriage to herself. * * The original plan of conducting the King to Craigmillar had been abandoned, because he had evinced great repugnance for the place. But he had consented to remain at Kirk of Field until his health should be completely restored. * * This house had formerly belonged to the prebendaries of the Kirk of Field, and was not at all adapted for the reception of a King and Queen. Small, confined, and ill-furnished, it consisted only of two stories, one of which contained a cellar and another room, and the other a gallery which extended above the cellar, and a bed-chamber which corresponded with the room on the ground-floor. Nelson, Darnley's servant, when he arrived at Kirk of Field, was about to prepare the Duke of Chatelherault's house for the reception of his master. But the Queen prevented him, and directed him to Balfour's house, whither the necessary furniture was conveyed, and which Bothwell had evidently chosen that he might carry out his murderous intentions with greater facility. Darnley was established on the first floor, where his three servants, Taylor, Nelson, and Edward Simons occupied the gallery, which served at once as a wardrobe and cabinet. The cellar on the ground-floor was transformed into a kitchen, and the Queen had a bed prepared for herself in the room immediately below that in which the King slept. She also directed that the door at the foot of the staircase, which communicated between the ground-floor and the upper rooms, should be removed. The installed, though very uncomfortably, by Darnley's side, she passed several nights under the same roof with him. Her assiduity, her attention, and the manifold proofs which she gave him of her affection, were all well calculated to dispel his fears. While Mary Stuart seemed to have returned to her former affection for Darnley, Bothwell was occupied in making all due preparations for the murder. In addition to those accomplices of high rank, whose co-operation he had secured at Craigmillar, and on subsequent occasions, in order that he might carry out his design with impunity, he had procured a number of subaltern assistants to put it into execution. His chamberlain Dalgleish, his tailor Wilson, his porter Powrie, Laird James of Ormiston and his brother Robert, and two men-at-arms, Hay of Tallo and Hepburn of Bolton, whose courage and devotedness he had amply tested during his border warfare, were admitted into his confidence, and unhesitatingly became his instruments. He had false keys made, by means of which easy access could be gained into Balfour's house; and he sent to Dunbar for a barrel of gunpowder, which was to be placed underneath the King's apartment, and to destroy the house and its inmates by its explosion. The assistance of the Frenchman Paris, whom he had placed in Mary Stuart's service, was indispensable to him for the purpose of ascertaining whether the false keys were exactly similar to those in use, and of placing the powder in the room occupied by the Queen below Darnley's bed-chamber. * * He enabled Bothwell to compare the keys of the house with the false ones he had had made, and promised to introduce Hay of Tallo, Hepburn, and Ormiston into the Queen's chamber on the evening appointed for the execution of the murder, that they might deposit the powder there whilst the Queen was with Darnley. Bothwell had forbidden Paris to place the Queen's bed immediately under that of the King, because he intended to have the powder strewed there. Paris did not attend to this; and when Mary Stuart came into the

in the evening, she herself ordered him to change the position of the bed. The night of Sunday the 15th of February was fixed for the execution of this terrible design. Mary Stuart's conduct, when the time for the murder drew near, is but too well calculated to confirm the accusations which result from the depositions of the witnesses, the confessions of the perpetrators, and her own letters. Nelson says that she caused a bed of new velvet to be removed from the King's apartment, and substituted an old one in its place. Paris declares that she also removed from her own chamber a rich coverlet of fur, with which she was, doubtless, desirous not to leave there on the evening of the explosion. On the Sunday she came to spend the evening with the King, whom she had assured that she would remain in Balfour's house during the night. Whilst she was talking familiarly with him in the room upstairs, the preparations for his death were actively going on below. On the previous evening, Hepburn had brought the barrel containing the powder into the nether hall of the wing occupied by Bothwell in Holyrood Abbey, before evening, on Sunday, Bothwell had assembled his accomplices in that same room, had concerted with them, and had allotted to each the part he was to perform in the nocturnal tragedy. At about nine o'clock in the evening the sacks of powder were carried across the gardens, by Wilson, Powrie, and Dalgleish, as far as the foot of Blackfriars Wynd, where they were received by Hay of Tallo, Hepburn, and Ormiston, and conveyed into Balfour's house by the assistance of Paris. As soon as the powder had been strewed in heaps over the floor of the room, just beneath the King's bed, Ormiston went away, but Hepburn and Hay of Tallo remained with their keys in the Queen's bed-chamber. When all was ready, Paris went up into the King's room, and the Queen then recollecting that she had promised to be present at a masquerade, given in Holyrood Place, in honour of the marriage of her servant maid with Margaret Carwood, one of her favourite women. She therefore took farewell of the King, left the house with her suite, including Bothwell, and proceeded by torchlight to Holyrood. Darnley beheld her departure with grief and secret fear. The unhappy Prince, as though foreboding the mortal danger by which he was threatened, sought consolation in the Bible, and read the 55th Psalm, which contained many passages adapted to his peculiar circumstances. After his devotion, he went to bed and slept, Taylor, his young page, lying beside him in the same apartment.

Meantime, the old halls of Holyrood rang with gaiety and dancing. But the fatal hour had arrived; and the murderers were prepared for their work.—

Bothwell remained for some time at the ball, but slipped away midnight to join his confederates. He changed his rich costume of black velvet and silk, for a dress of common stuff; and left his apartments, followed by Dalgleish, Paris, Wilson, and Powrie. In the hope of attracting less attention, he went down the staircase which led from Holyrood into the Queen's garden, and directed his course towards the southern gate. The two sentinels on guard seeing a party of men coming along this unusual path at so late an hour, challenged them: "Who goes there?"—Friends!" answered Powrie.—"Whose friends?" demanded one of the sentinels.—"Friends of Lord Bothwell!" was the answer.—On this they were allowed to proceed, and going up the Causeway, found that the Nether-bow gate, by which they intended to leave the city, was shut. Wilson immediately awoke John Galloway, the gate-keeper, calling to him to open the port to friends of Lord Bothwell. Galloway, in surprise, inquired what they were doing out of their beds at that time of night. They made no answer, but passed on. ** Continuing his route as far as Blackfriars Wynd, Bothwell and Powrie, Wilson, and Dalgleish at this point, and proceeded with Paris alone to Kirk of Field, where he waited for Hepburn and Hay of Tallo in Balfour's garden. It was at this moment, we have every reason to believe, that the two murderers concealed within the house perpetrated their crime. By the aid of these false keys they gained access into the King's apartment. On hearing the noise, Darnley jumped out of bed in his shirt and pelisse and endeavoured to escape. But the assassins seized and strangled

him. His page was put to death in the same manner; and their bodies were carried into a small orchard near at hand, where they were found on the next morning, unscathed by fire or powder, the King covered by his shirt only, and the pelisse lying by his side. After the execution of this dark deed, Hepburn lighted the match which communicated with the gunpowder in the lower room, and the house was blown up, in order completely to obliterate all traces of the murder. Bothwell, Hepburn, Hay of Tallo, and the other bandits went to a little distance to await the explosion, which occurred about a quarter of an hour afterwards, between two and three o'clock in the morning, with a fearful noise."

It is too true that Mary screened, then rewarded, and afterwards married the murderer of her husband. It was impossible for her therefore not to become involved in suspicion:—yet, considering her contempt for Darnley, and the strength of her passion for Bothwell, all this is not incompatible with a belief in her innocence of deliberate complicity in the preparation of his murder. Her subjects, however, rose against her and the murderer; and after a series of romantic adventures, losses, victories, and escapes, her flight across the border, taking refuge in England from the rage of her own countrymen, brings us down to the close of M. Mignet's first volume. Mary's long captivity will form the subject of his second:—and there, we are led to believe, his Spanish correspondence will be found of more importance for her story than it can fairly claim to be during the period already passed in review.

A Copious and Critical Latin-English Lexicon, founded on the larger Latin-German Lexicon by Dr. William Freund; with Additions and Corrections from the Lexicons of Gesner, Faccioliati, Scheller, Georges, &c. By E. A. Andrews, L.L.D. New York, Harper; London, Low.

It cannot now be said that there is any lack of good Latin and Greek Lexicons among us. Whatever our other classical deficiencies may be, they must not hereafter be attributed to the want of such a *sine qua non*. Within the last twenty—even ten—years most valuable additions have been made to our lexicographical stores. What with our Liddells and Scotts, our Riddells and our Arnolds, we are now well off for both Greek and Latin. Entick, Ainsworth, Schrevelius, and a host of other worthies who long reigned over us, have at length been banished to make room for their betters. Even Donnegan—after a brief but successful career—has met with an inglorious fall.

Besides our own Dictionaries we have those of our Transatlantic brethren. Some few years ago they sent us over a large Latin Dictionary by Leverett,—and now another of still higher pretensions has found its way here. As will appear from the above title, this latter is mainly a translation of a large German work prepared by Dr. Freund,—an eminent lexicographer with whom Riddle, by means of another version of the same original, has already made the English public in some degree acquainted. The publication of the original commenced in 1834 and was completed in 1845. The translation appears to have been executed—not by Dr. Andrews, whose name stands on the title-page—but by Messrs. Turner and Robbins. From the material thus supplied to him, Dr. Andrews, we presume, has prepared the work now presented to the public; supplying omissions, correcting errors, making the abbreviations which were necessary in order to reduce the original four volumes to one, and effecting other changes that he thought desirable. We gather thus much from the Editor's preface,—and think it due both to Dr. Freund and to his interpreters to lay it before the reader. The Author's preface to the

original work, which follows the Editor's preface in the present version, was translated by Dr. Woolsey. Two other assistants, not named, make up six persons employed in the task of preparation:—some devoting to it the greater portion of almost every day for several years. Whatever time, attention and care can do towards making the work complete and correct, seem to have been done; and we all know how much the excellence of a dictionary depends upon these points,—especially when they are accompanied by competent scholarship, as we have every reason to believe they are in the present case. The result is, what might be expected,—a rich repertory of philological information clearly expressed and well arranged.

The readers of the *Athenæum* must for the most part be familiar with the name of Dr. Freund:—but to those of them who are not it will be sufficient to say that he is in Latin lexicography what Gesenius is in Hebrew and Passow in Greek. Like them, he is remarkable not merely for the extent and depth of his researches, but also for the philosophical arrangement of his abundant resources. After explaining the composition or derivation of each word, and in difficult cases adducing the authority of classical writers or ancient grammarians in support of his etymology, he mentions all the grammatical peculiarities of the word,—specifying the anomalous or antiquated forms which it assumes, and giving precise references to the authors and passages in which they occur. In arranging the meanings he has acted on the principle of assuming the etymological significance to be the original one. This principle, reasonable as it appears, has not always been proceeded on by lexicographers. Their object has been to assist in the study of the classics; and accordingly they have either given the precedence to the significations most frequently wanted, or omitted the primary one altogether on account of its rare occurrence in the ordinary classics. Dr. Freund, on the other hand, considers Latin lexicography as an objective science,—which, though contributing to a knowledge of Latin authors, "does not acknowledge this to be its end, but, like every objective science, is its own end." Hence, he makes it his business to trace the whole history of each word "from the earliest times to the fall of the West-Roman empire." When, as often happens, no authority exists for the etymological meaning, this is intimated by the style of the printing.

Having settled the radical signification, Dr. Freund deduces all the others—not in the arbitrary way in which we often see them in dictionaries—but in the order in which they may be reasonably supposed to have been developed in actual use. An article in his Lexicon resembles the natural growth and branching out of a tree, rather than a mere catalogue. His divisions and subdivisions are strictly logical; so that it is easy to see the connexion between them, and to get a compact idea of the whole body of thought expressed by the word under consideration. It would be impossible to convey any very distinct conception of his method without transcribing some article of tolerable length,—and this our space forbids. In explaining a word he has endeavoured to communicate a *complete* notion of its meaning. Accordingly, he has not always confined himself to a single word as an equivalent, but has preferred diffuseness to obscurity or incompleteness. The usage of the Hebrew—as being a language quite distinct from the Latin—has occasionally guided him in his inquiries into the origin of meanings. He has also availed himself of the analogies furnished by the German, French and English.

Another excellent feature of this Lexicon is what the author calls "*the special historical or*

chronological element of lexicography" which it contains. By this he means the specification of the time when particular meanings were in vogue. We cannot explain how he has managed to effect this purpose better than in the words of his translated Preface.—

"With this object in view, we have arranged the body of Latin writings first into the following main periods:—1. *Ante-classical*, from the oldest fragments to Lucretius and Varro. 2. *Classical*, from Cicero and Cæsar to Tacitus, Suetonius, and the younger Pliny inclusive. 3. *Post-classical*, from that time to the fifth century of our era. The classical Latinity, again, is divided into (a) Ciceronian, (b) Augustan, (c) post-Augustan. The post-classical Latinity, however, notwithstanding the length of its age, has not been subdivided into periods determined by the progress of decay. Only in order to repair this deficiency in some degree, we have given the title of *late Latin* to the language of the fourth and fifth centuries, as contrasted with the less irregular and degenerated post-classical style, taken in a narrower sense. According to these divisions, every word, and if different meanings of a word belong to different ages, each single meaning has appended to it either the general remark, in *all periods*; or the special, *ante-classical*, *Ciceronian*, *Augustan*, *post-Augustan*, *post-classical*, *late Latin*; and as it very often happens that words and significations current through one age have sunk into disuse in the next, and then, at the end of this period, have come back into life (comp. Hor. A.P. 60 seq. 70 seq.) it is hence readily understood why we have made such remarks as *ante-* and *post-classical*, *ante-classical* and *post-Augustan*, and the like."

It is a point of great importance to know in what species of composition particular words and meanings occur,—whether prose or poetry, philosophy or history, oratory or familiar conversation. This information is to be found in Freund's Lexicon,—as well as an approximate indication of the comparative frequency of each word and meaning. The various combinations into which the word at the head of each article enters, its grammatical construction, and the sort of words in connexion with which it is used, are illustrated by numerous well-chosen examples, together with distinct references to the works from which they are taken. The Editors have taken care to verify as many of these references as possible; but have been compelled to omit some clauses in the quotations, in order to reduce the bulk and price of the book. Judging from the mention of synonyms in the author's Preface and the rarity of allusion to them in the body of the work, we are half inclined to suspect some curtailment here also, though no hint of anything of the kind has been dropped. Whatever may have been the cause of this deficiency, we think it is much to be regretted.

In conclusion, we are glad to have an opportunity of introducing so excellent a work to the notice of our classical and philological readers. It has all that true German *Gründlichkeit* about it which is so highly appreciated by English scholars. Rarely, if ever, has so vast an amount of philological information been comprised in a single volume of this size. The knowledge which it conveys of the early and later Latin is not to be gathered from ordinary Latin Dictionaries.—With regard to the manner in which it is got up, we can speak most favourably. Never have we seen a better specimen of American typography. Every page bears the impress of industry and care. The type is clear, neat, and judiciously varied. A pretty close inspection has not enabled us to discover any error worth mentioning. We were struck, however, with not a few awkward Germanisms in the translation of the author's Preface. Another thing which we had almost forgotten to mention as a little surprising, is the repeated reference in the course of the work to Adams's "Antiquities,"

—a book that we thought had been long superseded by Dr. Smith's "Dictionary." Surely the Editor—not Dr. Freund—is responsible for this strange anachronism.

Marian Withers. By Geraldine E. Jewsbury.
3 vols. Colburn.

Miss Geraldine Jewsbury, as our readers know by this time, is a writer of fiction because that form of literature offers itself to her hand as the readiest vehicle for conveying such views and doctrines to the public ear as she may be anxious to promulgate. But, unlike the author of "Alton Locke" and other *doctrinaire* novelists, in the midst of her preachings and prophecies she never merges the artist in the mere speculator. True or false in her canons, successful or unsuccessful in her execution of the thought from which she works, there is always in her stories a pervading sense of Art,—Art sedulously cultivated, and often rich in the rarer fruits of thought and worldly knowledge. Her earliest work, "Zoe," *tabooed* by the orthodox, was one of the most remarkable of first productions; and after a lapse of seven years still finds readers and admirers. But whether the writer was alarmed at the clatter then made by the disturbed Dorcas of provincial rule, or whether ripening years have brought with them sobered pulses, certain it is that we have since had no such burning words and passionate life as were then lavished on the scenes between Priest and Lady,—no such bold portraiture of character as in the sketch of Mirabeau then given from the same pen. But if Miss Jewsbury's powers be now more calm,—her art is more perfect:—and her new work, "Marian Withers," will certainly not diminish her early reputation.

We have no intention to describe the plot or characters of a work with which we counsel our readers to make personal acquaintance. How the beautiful and worldly Nancy and Hilda Blair intrigue for settlements in life,—how their handsome cousin Albert Gordon makes love to all the married women of his acquaintance, and almost breaks poor Marian's heart till it learns to read by better lights,—how the scornful Lady Wollaston gets entangled, through the rebound of her own scorn, in the wiles of the heartless trifler, narrowly escapes perdition, and settles down to a life of expiation,—how the wise and benevolent Mr. Cunningham comes in to develop the virtues and compensate the sufferings of the heroine of the tale,—and how the numerous episodes, intrigues, and incidents that vary the little drama contribute in the artist's hands successfully to bring out the characters of her *dramatis personæ*,—we shall refrain from stating more distinctly than as here suggested. We prefer to introduce to the notice of our readers the story of John Withers, the heroine's father, and his struggle of mechanical invention:—the more especially as we are assured that there is in the tale here told an under-stratum of actual fact. John Withers makes his appearance as follows.—

"It was a regular Manchester wet day, of more than ordinary discomfort! The rain came down with a steady, heavy determination, aggravated from time to time by an emphatic energy by gusts of wind, which swept down the streets, rippling the puddles which had gathered in the uneven flags, and rendering all attempts to shelter under an umbrella entirely vain. The atmosphere was a murky composition of soot and water, which rendered the daylight only a few shades brighter than night. Nothing could be discerned beyond the distance of a few yards, the sky and the earth being seemingly mixed together in a disorganized fog. Few persons were in the streets, for nearly everyone had sought shelter in the vain hope that the rain was too violent to continue. On such a day, in the year of grace 1794, a lady was

sitting in the window of a house in St. James's Square, which was then a fashionable locality, solacing herself with a novel, whence her attention was attracted by hearing two small childish voices singing in dismal melody,

"Give us some food for our mother in charity;
Give us some food and we will be gone!"

On looking into the street she perceived a boy and girl proceeding slowly and painfully along, half-drowned by the strong rain, from which the boy, who was apparently the elder, attempted to shield his companion by wrapping his ragged jacket round her. The lady no sooner perceived them than she flung away her book, and called them into the house; the dead tramp of their little naked feet over the pavement, and the wet which ran in streams from their ragged clothes, was a pitiful sight, and put all idea of thieves or impostors out of her head: their misery was real and visible. She led them to the kitchen fire, where they were warmed and fed—the little boy showing great anxiety that his sister should be the first attended to, and have the best of all that was given to them. They told a pitiful tale. Their father had been killed by a fall from a ladder, and their mother, who worked at a factory, was lying ill of fever, and they had nothing to live upon but what the parish allowed them, and their last money had been stolen from the mantelshelf of the cellar where they lived. The children were sent home much better clad than they had come out, and Miss Fenwick (which was the lady's name) sat up half the night to make a supply of clothing for the sick mother; and the next morning she despatched her servant with medicine and nourishing food to Back Garden-street, where they said they lived. The servant was a powerful woman, of very resolute character, but her heart failed her as she entered this region of loathsome sights and intolerable stench, where all the refuse, slops, and filth thrown from the houses and cellars were putrefying in the street. It was here that thieves, wretched women, ruffians, the offscouring of the worst class, had their place to dwell. ** A general movement took place when the servant, carrying her basket, came in sight. The children left off playing or fighting, as it might be, to stare and make game. Great hulking men, with pipes in their mouths, were seen hanging at the door-posts; and fierce, disorderly-looking women, who struck her with still more dread. However, she was a resolute woman, and not disposed to abandon her errand without a trial. She entered a pawnbroker's shop, which stood opposite, and seemed the nearest approach to anything decent. 'I'm thinking you'd best go no further, good woman; they are a rough set down yond.'—'It's a poor widow, lying very badly, I'm come to see, and I would not like her to be lost for want, if she does live in a rough neighbourhood. I'll go on now, as I am got so far, if you can tell me where to find her.'—'My young man shall show you the way, if you are set on it; they know him, and he will see they don't harm you.' Under the guidance of the pawnbroker's young man, she entered a dark passage, called 'No. 3 entry,' and emerged into a court the size of a moderate room; the houses were many degrees more miserable and dilapidated than in the street she had left. The lower storeys of the house were let off as cellars, the entrance to which was down a flight of broken steps, into a passage from which the light had been almost entirely excluded by the door-steps of the houses above, which arched it in. At the last door in the passage the young man knocked, and entered. A woman, in a helpless state of intoxication, was lying on a bed in one corner; and beside the fire sat the little boy, who had been ballad-singing the previous day; he was dressed in his former rags. When he first caught sight of the servant and her basket, he held down his head, but a moment after he looked up and laughed impudently in her face. 'What's to do you are at home to-day, Jack?' asked the young man.—'Mammy beat me, and I wanna go out to beg for her, and she's too drunk to make me.'—'Where's your sister?' asked the servant, who now began to be really frightened.—'She is no sister of his, only a child he goes out with.'—'The little brazen impostors!' The child looked at her with an impish malignity, which gave a preternatural air to his young face. 'You bad boy, where do you expect to go to?'—'They won't stand no work,

young woman mind.'—At the end of the sentence addressed his right arm, sick, from she wanted to him—'we we gave a side of the coal.' Miss F gets them to go to a cotton workman's course. "One mule," so fearing, fared with increased examined moment machine proved the awakened forth all have become an insight. "A few mechanics more simple at the amount he went. Every family his barest. For two of the labour his waist inventing. He lack was, besides the failure he used; hammed that he factory both. That perfect; but with going to it visionary the model the history and half and it so wanted, models, not heavy should do some work has some privation the realistic familiar. would be before an where he lead, o away, which he imagined curious winter, horror that he want a hard over the

young woman; we shall have a row if you don't mind.' The cellar was at this moment darkened by the entrance of a great athletic fellow dressed as a distressed sailor, in a torn and dirty checked shirt, his right eye covered with a patch, and one arm in a sling. 'This young woman heard your wife was sick from the lad yesterday, and she came to see if we wanted aught,' said the young man in a depressing tone.—'She'd best be off to them that sent her—we want none of her stuff here.' As he spoke he gave a kick to the child that sent him against the side of the room, and began to light his pipe at a coal."

Miss Fenwick rescues the two children, and gets them into the workhouse:—whence Alice goes to service, and John is bound apprentice to a cotton-spinner. In time he becomes a workman. An accident in the mill changes his course in life.—

'One day, when he was working as usual at his "mule," some portion of the machinery got out of gear. He was greatly annoyed, because it interfered with his "over-time," by which he was hoping to increase the amount of his week's wages. He examined into the damage, and on the spur of the moment supplied an expedient which carried his machine to the end of that day's work. This accident proved the crisis of his life: a faculty had been awakened which had never stirred before. Henceforth all his labour was in a new spirit. The machine had become to him a living creature; he had obtained an insight into the power which moved it.

Thus, a new career begins.—

"A few weeks after John Withers's first essay in mechanics, an idea of the possibility of making a more simple machine than the one he worked at, and at the same time capable of producing a greater amount of work, struck him like a flash of inspiration; he went home to brood over it, and to work at it. Every farthing of money that could be spared from his bare necessities went to buy tools and books. For two years he worked secretly in his garret after the labour of the day, often tying a rope tightly round his waist to deaden the craving sense of hunger, and inventing all manner of expedients to keep off sleep. He lacked practical dexterity as a mechanician, and was, besides, entirely ignorant of the first principles of the science. He worked on, however, through failures and mistakes, with a will as iron as the tools he used; his IDEA possessed him like a demon, and haunted him night and day. At length he found that he must slacken his attendance either at the factory or upon his models; he had not strength for both. The result of his labours was, as yet, very imperfect; he had realised nothing towards his idea; but that sublime undoubting faith which, according to its success, stamps men either as heroes or visionaries, he determined to sacrifice the factory to the models. 'You see,' he used to say, when relating the history of this part of his life, 'I was half mad and half desperate like; my head was fairly mazed, and it seemed as if it would burst. I knew what I wanted, but I could not make it out with my bits of models, for want of time to sit to them when I was not ready with sleep. I did not properly believe I should come to want; I felt sure I should manage some road, I could not do different, and so I gave my work the sack.' That he did not die of hunger was something of a miracle. His early habits of privation stood him in great stead. He had endured the realities of cold and hunger so long that they were familiar. It was not likely that the fear of them would be a hindrance now. Early in morning, before any of the neighbours were stirring, he would go into the streets, especially into the market-place, where he picked up scraps of vegetables, pieces of bread, or food of any kind that had been thrown away. With this he would return to his garret, which he did not again leave that day. As may be imagined, this mode of keeping life together was precarious in the extreme. It was a remarkably severe winter, and he had to suffer great straits; but the horror of his early begging experiences was so strong, that he never once resumed asking charity. Yet want is fierce, and nature is weak. Once there was a hard frost for several weeks. An east wind blew over the wold; the snow lay thick on the ground, and people began to fancy that England and Siberia

must be much of a piece. Poor John in his garret, without fire, without food, almost without clothes, with only a heap of shavings for his bed, was in a sufficiently bad plight. His benumbed fingers could scarcely hold his tools, and with the chisel he inflicted a severe wound upon his left hand, which the frost inflamed, and for several days he could not work at his models. During this suspension he was tempted sorely to seek for some alleviation. To the parish he did not dare to apply, because he would at once have been ordered to some employment, and he could not endure to betray the secret of his dear models. One facile mode there was—he might ask charity; at that bitter time, which happened to be Christmas besides, it would scarcely have been refused. He descended from his garret in the dusk of a December twilight, and took his station at the corner of the most frequented street. The recollection of the old times when he used to go out with his sister came upon him—the forgotten slang and manner of his old trade returned to his memory, and with it the memory of the misery, the degradation and brutality in which he had been plunged—the lame sailor—the drunken woman—the savage blows and kicks inflicted on himself and his sister the last day he was in the cellar—but worse than these were the masonic signs of recognition from the regular mendicants. 'And am I going to fall back into all that?' he thought. 'What a cowardly beast I am! What I am now suffering is nothing more than I bore then every day!' His hand throbbed with pain; he was sick for want of food; it was forty-eight hours since he had tasted anything. The intense bodily sensations of hunger, cold, and pain, were more imperative and emphatic than the voice of his resolution. A portly, comfortable, benevolent-looking old lady was coming across the street; she came close to where he stood; he attempted to speak, but a deep shame stopped him at the moment she turned her head to see who was addressing her.—'Do you want anything, my good man?'—'No, ma'am: I thought you were losing something.'—'Well, bless me, if my fur tippet is not loose: I thought I felt cold—thank you, kindly,' and the comfortable, well-clad woman passed on. John moved dejectedly away. He was glad he had not begged, but he was giddy with cold and hunger. He went on, he hardly knew whither, till he was stopped by a large heap of coals which lay before a house. A decent-looking woman stood at the door, looking up and down the street, apparently in great perplexity.—'Here, my good man,' said she, perceiving John, 'these coals have been brought in at a shameful time of night, and the man has gone away, and just left me to manage as I can. If you will stop and get them in for me, I will give you sixpence and a mug of beer. It will not take you long.' Her voice was like the voice of an angel to poor John. He seized a spade with alacrity, and gathered in the coals to the good woman's perfect contentment, who gave him a plate of broken meat as well as the promised reward. To poor John it was like the feast of Dives, and better than all was his thankfulness at having been restrained from begging. But the 'fights without' were nothing in comparison to the 'fears within.' Unforeseen difficulties were constantly arising in his work; failure after failure, when he felt most certain of success, came to shake his faith in his own inspirations. At last the unflinching energy of his nature was strengthened by a fearful ally—he was hovering on the verge of MADNESS. His labour became the obstinate monomania of a fixed idea. He went on and on with the accelerated energy generated from his previous efforts. Thus he worked under the shadow of madness: his only guides were his unsuccessful efforts; every failure became for a short time luminous, lighting up his path for a few steps. At last he completed a model that worked successfully! He had compelled his idea to assume an adequate shape, to interpenetrate the wood and iron, and to work them flexibly, as the body is wrought by the soul. The demon which had possessed him, which had fed upon his life and upon his reason, was now exorcised: it had entered into his work, and he beheld it peacefully and orderly performing that which he had given it to do. The revulsion of feeling was too strong, and he sank upon the ground beside his model in a fit of hysterical weeping."

We need not pursue the tale of this inven-

tion,—nor tell how it introduced the castaway to a wife destined to become the mother of the heroine of the tale. What we have extracted belongs to the graver portion of Miss Jewsbury's book. The reader for excitement will find many gayer scenes and more attractive descriptions:—but we like Miss Jewsbury best on ground like this.

The Hungarian Fugitives in Turkey—[*Die ungarnischen Flüchtlinge, &c.*] Edited, from the Diary of an Eye-witness, now returned from the flight into Turkey, by Imrefi. Translated into German, with Additions and Continuation to the latest period, by Vasfi. Leipzig, Herbig; London, Williams & Norgate.

This book has a more credible air than any we have yet seen on the subject of the Hungarian revolution. Its substance, the Diary extends from the flight of the refugees across the Wallachian frontier, after the overthrow of the national cause at Temeswár, to their removal to Schumla, on the way towards Asia Minor. At this point the Eye-witness's report ends; and the rest of the story, which is carried down to the spring of 1851, is of little comparative value. It has been compiled by the editor from such reports and materials as could be gathered in Western Europe from newspaper and other public sources,—the accuracy of which is often questionable. On the veracity of the former and more interesting part of the work, which comprises all that was decisive of the fate of the emigration, there are good *prima facie* grounds for relying. The narrative, though animated by warm sympathies for the national cause and regard for its leaders, proceeds in a tone of moderation and good sense which will invite the confidence of judicious minds. No attempt is made to paint the leading figures with the colours of romance,—to represent all the chiefs on the one side as faultless heroes, and all who acted on the other as brutal savages. In place of such exaggerations, which merely disgust the sensible reader, this witness gives a more conceivable report, which exhibits the persons of whatever party or nation with the attributes of human nature, and with such varieties of conduct, capacity and merit as belong to real life. Of spasmodic eulogy and loud abhorrence, in commentaries on the principal acts of the Hungarian drama, there has been more than enough already: it is a relief to have one, though merely a closing scene, represented in a less theatrical manner. Nor does the simpler representation at all impair the interest due to the chief figures of the story,—especially in regard to its head actor, Kossuth. We see him here, indeed, not in the light of a fabulous miracle of humanity; but as one apt to err, subject to foibles, apprehensions and prejudices, as other men are. Throughout all, however, there appear the clearest outlines of inborn worth and nobility,—if not of that highest order of capacity which leaves its mark on an era:—the lineaments, in short, of a man hardly qualified, it may be, to succeed, but of one whom a generous nation might be proud to follow, and can never forget to love. A plain view of his conduct in the most trying period of his fortunes, is, indeed, more likely to raise the just appreciation of his character than the stilted panegyrics of which it has often been made a theme. It will be read with additional interest on the eve of his promised release from a detention of which the incidents and causes are here described:—and may deserve especial notice in England, whose interposition was not spared in the crisis of his fortunes, and has continued urgent for his release,—and which expects before long to welcome the distinguished exile to her shores.

The rout of Temeswár was the blow which immediately struck down the national cause. The battle was fought, against a superior force, by Dembinski; who disobeyed the orders of the government in refusing to unite his army with Georgy's, then within reach at Arad. It is probable that the struggle might have been prolonged had the whole military strength been kept together; but long before this catastrophe the ultimate issue of the contest had become apparent enough. The capital, with the whole heart of the kingdom, was in the power of the Austro-Russians; and the insurgent government, in retreat from Debreczin to Szegedin, was virtually in a state of dissolution. At no period, indeed, does it seem to have had power enough to control the insubordination of the army; and our Eye-witness expressly attributes the reverses of his country to a dissension between these rival forces, which existed throughout the struggle.

"The greatest misfortune of the Hungarian revolution consisted in the disaffection of the military to the civil government, and in their incessant quarrels." The details of these we cannot dwell upon: it must suffice to say that Kossuth and Georgy had long been at variance; that Dembinski and Bem acted, severally, as they thought fit, regardless of civil orders; and that Perczel, who, with all his energy, talent for organization, and undoubted patriotic zeal, may be viewed as the Marplot of the revolution, lived in a kind of chronic mutiny against Kossuth; whom he did not scruple to denounce on slight occasions in the most offensive terms. Among many characteristic traits of the generous nature of the latter, his treatment of this turbulent partisan is not the least admirable. When Perczel, in the spring of 1849, on returning from his successful inroad into the Banat, signalized his triumph by declaring "that the happiness of the country could be secured in no other way than by his removing Kossuth, violently if needful, from the government";—and the people of Szegedin, indignant at this insolence, would have enabled Kossuth to punish it,—he showed no resentment on the occasion; for he loved Perczel, in spite of his faults, as a patriot of unshakeable fidelity to his country."

After Temeswár, Kossuth, who seems to have begun to despair as early as 1848,—at least, in that year, it is here said, he had already taken the precaution of obtaining a pass in a foreign name,—felt that all was lost. It is proper to observe what took place on this occasion, as reported by the Eye-witness: since it tends to vindicate Georgy from the charge of having then betrayed his country. The Governor, then at Arad, assembled his council,—read Guyon's report of the lost battle,—declared it "impossible to continue the administration any longer on its present basis or in any fixed spot,"—that it was "necessary to invest Georgy with full powers to continue and conclude the negotiations with the Russians,"—and, finally, "that after this nothing further remained for the Government but to dissolve itself." These proposals were unanimously assented to by the ministers, —all of whom, but two, were present. From this moment each individual only strove to insure his personal safety as best he might. Before Georgy laid down his arms to an overwhelming force, all the members of the government had escaped across the frontier.

Let us further note what is said of the subsequent proceedings of Georgy. He was left, with full powers, in command of an army too weak to contend with the enemy,—too weak, as it appeared, even to obtain terms from them. The alternative was surrender or destruction. After quoting this passage from Kossuth's farewell

letter,—"After the unfortunate battles with which God has afflicted the nation of late there is no hope left of prolonging, with any expectation of success, the struggle of self-defence against the great powers of Austria and Russia."—the Eye-witness inquires: "Now, after this declaration, how could any one require Georgy to continue a defensive contest, the success of which was hopeless,—or accuse him of treachery because he did not choose to do so?"

The first aim of the emigrants was Wallachia; which they reached in separate bodies,—for the most part in long and doleful caravans, unmolested by the enemy,—at different intervals, by way of Orsova. They were not ill received by the Turkish officers in command there, or in the quarantine station at Turnul-Severin, to which they were removed. It is true that they were required to give up their arms; no great care was taken of their comfort or subsistence; the pashas and other Moslem officials employed various pretexts to possess themselves of the more valuable horses belonging to some of the fugitives; and those who had money were generally made to pay for their quarters or rations: while the common men, who had none, were neglected and left to suffer extreme privations. This, indeed, is no picture of brilliant hospitality; but regard being had to the subaltern position of the Turkish authorities in a poor and foreign province and to the sudden and questionable appearance of this cloud of fugitives—the numbers of which soon rose to 5,000,—it can hardly be said that their treatment on this emergency was much to be complained of. Professions of sympathy and good-will to the principal leaders, at all events, were not wanting. Some of them were gratuitously supplied with provisions, and lodged in tolerable quarters; while all were favoured with a considerable reduction from the usual term of quarantine. This, of course, was not enough for those who expected Turkey to arm in their favour and carry them back in triumph. The complaints which the 'Diary' notices, of Turkish cookery, "want of intellectual luxuries,"—newspapers and so forth,—we really cannot deeply sympathize with. When men, flying for their lives, fling themselves uninvited upon a semi-barbarous region, the situation is somewhat too grave for grievances of a subordinate class.

After no longer delay at Turnul-Severin than served to report to the Turkish government the arrival of the emigrants, and to receive further orders, it was signified to the Hungarians that they must proceed to Widdin, on the Ottoman territory; and thither they were sent, unarmed, in detachments, guarded by Turkish horsemen. By the middle of September all were collected at Widdin, to the number of 5,000. The common men were encamped in the open air outside the town; "the officers, civil functionaries and their wives resided in the fortress or inner town." In this situation,—now apprised of the total prostration of Hungary under the Austro-Russians,—they had to await the decision of the Turkish government respecting their future destiny.

Meanwhile, we receive from this candid Eye-witness no pleasing account of the way in which all care for common soldiers was disregarded by most of their officers and others of the upper class of emigrants.—

At first, many of the captains and lieutenants remained in the open air among their people; but not long afterwards they hired for their own convenience lodgings from the Bulgarians, and in the inns of the suburbs;—and yet the poor common *Hovéd* (rank and file), who had suffered the most in the battles of the Revolution, might have had the prior claim to shelter. In fact, the aristocratic line of division maintained its ground even among the emigrant democrats; and this in Turkey, above all places,

where they know of but two classes of men—lords and slaves.

"The condition of the upper ranks," he adds, however distressing by its physical privations, dreary vacancy, grief for the past, and anxiety for the future,—and amidst the ceaseless quarrels and complaints which sprung from those sources,—"might be termed divine in comparison with that of the *Hovéd*;—the latter were utterly wanting in everything of the mere material necessity." Exposed to the weather, half-naked, and ill-fed, with provisions to which they were unused,—"while the gentlemen, their officers, retired into the town, cared but little for them, and the sick were tended by nobody."—it is no wonder that a pestilence soon broke out which "swept them into the grave like flies or autumn leaves." In a few weeks there perished as many as 400. Well might the survivors,—although less tormented than the chiefs by the oppressive feeling of suspense, and by a compelled inaction,—"long for their native land with redoubled force; and the more, as they could not but lose all reliance on their officers; who had first persuaded them to join in the flight by promises that they should soon return with an allied Turkish force to their country; and now abandoned them here, as formerly on the fields of battle, to misery and want in their cantonment."

Here, again, we are glad to see Kossuth displaying a sympathy for the poor fellows which the preceding extracts show to have been far from common. Not only did he cheer them by visits to their camp; but his most energetic representations in the letter to Lord Palmerston, written about this period, were devoted to their case,—and only repeated what he had vainly urged on the Turkish authorities, viz., the cruelty of forbidding them to leave the country, and starving them while detained in it. The Divan, no doubt, was in great perplexity at this moment,—Austria and Russia having demanded in a peremptory tone that the exiles should be surrendered to them. How this requisition was resisted, with what support and with what success, has long been a matter of public notoriety. It is one of the few cases in modern diplomacy which the moralist can dwell upon with a certain satisfaction. The interval between the first pressure and the rejection, thanks to England and France, of the Austro-Russian demands, was plainly a time of fear and difficulty for a weak, and by no means unanimous, government. The distance of Widdin from the Porte, and the heavy cost of providing in any way for an influx of 5,000 exiles, from an indigent treasury, may respectively explain, in part, the exactions of the Pashas on the spot, and the scanty means applied to the support of the strangers. On the whole, there can be little doubt that the intentions of the Sultan were, from the first, generous and hospitable; and it may be questioned whether his conduct will not, with all deductions, bear comparison with any recorded instance on the part of the Christian Continental powers, under like circumstances.

Before we proceed to the *dénouement* of the story, it is worth while to note the manner in which Kossuth got his well-known letter forwarded to Lord Palmerston.—

The story is an original one. During Kossuth's detention at Widdin, he was often visited by an Englishman named Thomson; who would sit with him for hours at a time, biting his nails and listening with the greatest attention and sympathy to the explanation of Hungarian affairs, but especially those of the last revolution. On one occasion, as Kossuth paused after a long discourse, the heroic Sir Thomson (*sic*) delivered himself as follows: "But why, then, don't you write all this to Lord Palmerston? Why don't you make him aware of

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"the facts of the case?"—"Oh! I gladly would," said Kossuth, "but how could I get a letter sent to him?"—"Write, and I will carry it myself, and bring you back the answer personally into the bargain"—the Englishman composedly answered.

The laconic "Sir Thomson," it is added, did what loquacious professors often fail to do,—he kept his word;—and placed Lord Palmerston's reply to the letter from Kossuth in the hands of the latter before he left Widdin. According to this account, his countrymen have no reason to be ashamed of "Sir Thomson," taciturn though he may have appeared to the Hungarians; whose disposition it is to be more exuberant in promise than steadfast in performance—if we may trust the representations of the Eye-witness. In collecting the scattered traits from which this general impression is derived, we have been struck with a certain resemblance between the Magyar and the Hibernian, not in sanguine eloquence alone. These we cannot enumerate in detail; but there is one passage too peculiar to be omitted.—

The Hungarian has in general the happy, or it may be unfortunate, disposition, that he never wholly abandons himself to despair, even under the most dreadful strokes of mischance, or after the greatest losses. The inextinguishable spark of hope and confidence for ever kindles in his breast a new warmth, which enables him to endure with some patience the most oppressive conditions, in hopes of a better future. And this is especially because he gauges the cause of his misfortunes not to himself, but to others; and, in like manner, expects a favorable turn of his destiny from some outward influence:—often enough from a lucky accident.

During the negotiations with Russia the Porte, anxious if possible to sustain its protection of the exiles, without proceeding to extremes, fell upon an expedient found in a treaty of 1774. After declaring that neither State shall give shelter to subjects of the other when guilty of treason:—it proceeds: "From this condition are excepted those only who may become converts to Christianity in Russia, or in Turkey to the Mohammedan religion." In virtue of this clause, Redschid Pasha proposed to the emigrants the adoption of Islam;—with the further promise of appointments in the service of the Porte to all who should accept this offer.

The Hungarian agents, Counts Andrassy and Czajkovski, despatched with this proposal to Widdin, represented to the exiles that this step, which would at once relieve both the Porte and themselves from all further difficulty, "was in fact a mere matter of form, inasmuch as every one would soon afterwards be allowed to return to his former religion, and might depart whithersoever they liked; while those who adhered to Mohammedanism would have places given them in the Turkish army and civil administration." Hereupon, an entire schism broke out among the emigrants. After some days of irresolution and eager dispute, Generals Bem, Kmety, and Stein, with other officers of inferior rank, and a few only of the common soldiers—250 Hungarians in all—decided on becoming renegades. With these were numbered 200 from the Polish and Italian legions,—the former, it is said, mainly urged by fears of Siberia. The great majority of the refugees, at the head of whom stand Kossuth, Mészáros, Batthyany, Dembinski, Guyon, Visocky, and Zamoiski, manfully refused this expedient, as deceptive and infamous. Their resolution has been commended by Europe;—with what justice may be seen from the pains taken by the Austrian Court newsmen at the time, to inform the world that Kossuth and his followers had not scrupled to league themselves with darkness since Heaven had rejected their cause:—quoting, as suited to

their case, *Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.*

The Czar, meanwhile, had discovered that he had gone too far;—the arrival of an English fleet in the Dardanelles, with the ready co-operation of France, apprised him that he would not be suffered to coerce a feeble State into an act against the atrocity of which all Europe exclaimed. Turkish envoys sent to St. Petersburg were now received with smiles; chicane on the terms of the treaty of 1774 was tried, where menaces had already failed. In fine, after much discussion, it was settled that Turkey should keep the exiles as her guests in Asia Minor; but should not permit them to return to Europe—where their appearance might cause commotion—until sufficient time had first been allowed to Austria for the settlement of her Hungarian troubles:—the time being fixed to expire in September, 1851.

Meanwhile Austria added that an entire amnesty should be offered to all the common soldiers at Widdin who would return to her banners. Accordingly, soon after the ceremony of Bem's conversion, General Hauslab arrived at Widdin with a commission to carry this into effect: and made it known that all, from the serjeants downwards, were assured of complete immunity on condition of re-entering the Austrian service; but that superior officers who formerly belonged to her army, or who had obtained commissions from the insurgent government, could only return at the risk of submitting themselves to trial before the military commission. This manifesto was issued on the 16th of October, 1849. The exiled officers, it is stated, used every influence in their power, sparing "neither threats nor promises," to induce the poorer sort of fugitives to reject this proposal. After what has been said of their treatment and condition hitherto, it will not seem surprising that these efforts were fruitless with the majority, who gladly accepted the means of returning home. As many as 3,050, including not a few subaltern officers, were embarked in Danube steamers, amidst the jeers and "rough music" (*Katzen-musik*) of those who were resolved to stay in Turkey. The number of the latter is set down at 2,000, including officers and civilians; but either here or in the return of the whole emigration there must be some inaccuracy or omission: since we have already had a long list of casualties among the exiles, and they at first counted but 5,000 strong in Widdin. Those who refused the amnesty, it is added, were chiefly Russian subjects; who probably had good reasons for distrusting the offers addressed to them. Of the conduct of General Hauslab in this affair the journalist speaks with an approbation which attests his own impartiality.

Soon afterwards, the emigrants, forming a long caravan—some on horseback, some in carriages—were transported to Shumla, on their weary way to Kiutayeh, the place of their ultimate destination in Asia Minor. The Diary, as we have said, ceases at this point:—the rest of the story, let us hope, will one day be told by some other Eye-witness, in an equally credible manner.—In following the main thread of the narrative it has been impossible to notice an abundance of curious anecdotes, lively traits of character, stories of exciting or terrible adventure, and sketches of Turkish scenes and customs,—by which the reader of this interesting volume will find his pleasure greatly enhanced. It is, we repeat, the best book we have yet seen on Hungarian matters,—and, if internal evidence can be trusted, the most authentic. Translated, with a little judicious compression, it might just now be no unseasonable present to the English public.

MINOR POETS.

The Three Trials of Loïde, &c., and other Short Poems. By Calder Campbell. Shoberl.

MORE than once has Major Calder Campbell received praise from the *Athenæum* for the fancy and melody, the Eastern colouring and musical quality, of his verse. He writes always from his experience and his feelings; and though seldom ambitious in his aim, frequently attains to an ideal elevation, and wears his "singing robes" with grace and ease. There are in this volume some effusions of singular beauty. The opening poem is in a free and natural vein, and has many charming turns of expression. Its general manner may be understood from a few stanzas.—

The joyous young Loïde!

She bountiful, in her childlike happiness,
Where her tame linnets breed
Among the golden broom, which she no less
Loveth for its bright radiance and sweet smell,
Than for its guarding her young linnets well.

Her summer twelve have taught

Her heart no lesson of distrust or dread;
Her eager hands have caught
The very sunbeams shining o'er her head,
And in them bathed her spirit with such light
As makes her every motion fair and bright.

All love the young Loïde—

All watch her with affectionate regard!

Glad Child, she hath no need

Of other earthly joy than the green award—
The summer sun—the winter fireside cheerful—
The loving friends, who kept her eye unfeaful!

Pass'd is the merry brook,

Spannd by her feet, as fairy-fet might do,
At one light bound! A look
Upon the blue Forget-me-nots she threw

As on she hied—low-slunging a sweet song
To which the skylark answered loud and long.

Pass'd is the hazel copse—

Pass'd the grey village church, whose graves call up

No idle fears: she stops

To pluck a weed, and place a buttercup
From and upon a new-made grave: then o'er
The meadow glides—not singing as before.

Pass'd is old Nurse's cot—

Pass'd is the Fairy Lady's crystal well;

And so she nears the spot
Where breed her linnets dear. The fragrant smell
Of furzes, all aglow, spreads up round her
An incense, which sets all the bees astir.

The bush, the nest, are there!

The birds—her linnets tame—ah, where are they?
Up, with loud glee l' the air,
And she, down with her grief, her first dismay,
Kneeling beside the nest forsaken! Fled
Her first Belovéds—yet she is not dead!

She calls on them—in vain!

She weeps wild tears, she sighs, she walls aloud;
And midst those sounds of pain
Come louder songs of joy from sky and cloud;
And she lies weeping, now, on Nurse's breast,

Till, like a babe, she sobs herself to rest!

These verses describe Loïde's first trial. Her next is the loss of her parents,—and the concluding one, that of her lover.—A composition of merit, and evidently valued by its author, entitled 'The Phantasmal Reproof,' we pass over, to come to a beautiful love tale called 'Listening under the Lilachs.'—

There was a placid Bower within
An ancient Garden, where

I oft had seen Her enter in
Who seemed to me most fair

Of all her sex. I thought it sin

To find another there!

I had not told my love, for youth
Is bashful with its tongue;
Yet she might surely glean the truth
From passionate glances wrung

By strong emotion, from my eyes,

That on her beauty hung.

Whene'er we met, where others were,
'Twas she who always gave

Free utterance to her speech, for I

Grew silent, shy, and grave;

My heart beat quicker than its wont,

But words I did not have.

She never frowned on me—she took

My offered flowers always;

But if the company forsook

The place, in feigned amaze

She hurried after them, with look

That would not meet my gaze.

At length I tracked her to that spot—

That ancient Garden—where

I oft would hide myself to watch—

Amidst the flowers less fair

Than she who gathered them—her steps

Who made an Eden there.

There was a clump of Lilach trees
Behind that peached Bower,
And there I hid me at my ease,
And watched from hour to hour
Till she came forth, when on my knees
I knelt to own her power.
She saw me not, suspected nought,
But in that bower would sit;
Whilst I, through crannies I had made,
Could see her head and feet;
And as she read, or worked and sang,
My joy was still complete.
One day she came, but not alone,
My Sister was her guest:
And as they gambolled 'midst the trees
With sportive glee and jest,
I trembled lest they'd find me out
By the pulse-beat in my breast.
But, tired with play, they flung themselves
Down in that arbour seat:
They might, if they had listened then,
Have heard my full heart beat;
But they began to talk of love
And all its sadness sweet.
"I never shall love man!" said Maude,
(So was my sister named);
"I keep my heart for friends and flowers,
For—like a bird unfamed—
It hath no will to lose its skill,
Or be by others claimed!"
"And I," said gentle Eglantine,
"Love thee, and lowthe more
For that thou art the Brother's mate
In face; and so, before
Thee and you sun, I do confess
He is in my true heart's core!"
With that I started up aglow,
All Boyhood's shyness fled;
And caring not for bloom, or bough,
That in my track was spread,
I dashed before the startled twain,
And all my feelings said!
Down at her feet I knelt, and told
The love I bore for her!
And words poured forth, like water rolled
Down rocks—I knew the stir
Of manhood maketh strong and bold,
And then it did not err!
And half in wonder, half in fear,
She gazed, with blushes warm;
My sister then to whom she clung,
Took, smiling, her white arm
From her own waist, and gently placed
Her palm within my palm.
I clasped her to my heart, and there
She trembled like a sound,
But breathed no word that I could hear,
Till Maude first utterance found
To break the magic chain of joy
Our mutual thoughts that bound!
She trembled to me like a sound—
I kissed her o'er and o'er,
And vowed to love till life was gone
Where Love dwells evermore,
Whilst her white arms round me duly crossed
Was the Cross by which I swore!

Poems. By Charles H. Hitchings, Bosworth. SOME are born poets, and some achieve poetry. The latter often become skilful metrists, and by mere force of diction simulate the diviner inspiration. Having learnt to speak the language of the gods,—we are apt to believe that they have also thought their thoughts, and that they feel the free and spontaneous impulses which breathe into verse-mechanisms the life and soul of eloquent utterance. To this class Mr. Hitchings belongs. There is in his poetry more of lip-service than of heart-service. The sentiment of his verse seems adopted rather than generated. Take as an example the following dainty bit of phrase-setting.—

The Legend of the Dove.
What time creation's work was done,
And Paradise in beauty smiled,
To greet her sovereign lord, the sun—
Uprising from her visions wild—
The lark, sweet matin-bird, on wings
Of glorious splendour poised on high,
Rained forth, as from a thousand springs,
Her quahing tide of minstrelsy;
And poured into the listening ear
Of wondering seraphs, pure and bright,
Such raptures of the new-born year,
That many an angel came by night
To gaze on Eden's peaceful bowers,
And bring her love-gifts to the flowers.
They came with hints of every hue
Which Art or Fancy could devise,
And incense-breathing odours too,
To greet the blooms of Paradise.
Among the rest to Eden came
The angel of the early hours—
And sweet Aurora was her name—
With love-gifts for the opening flowers.

Her cheek with bluishes fair o'er-spread
Her breath with perfume cooled again;
And thus upon her way she sped,
At dawn, through all the bright domain.
The flowers all owned her matchless grace—
The loveliest of the angel race.

The rose, abashed at charms so rare—
Her perfume and her blush outdone—
Breathed out in odorous sigh a prayer—
(The angel's crown before her shone)—
"Spirit of light! a boom! a boom!
O grant me but the meanest gem,
Since all my charms must fade so soon,
Of that celestial diamond—
The circle of thine angel bow—
Whose starry brightness tells of heaven;
And not to me alone, oh now
To every flower let one be given,
As token of the angel's love—
That came to bless us from above!"

The Angel of the Dawning wept—
Her tears upon the roses fell—
And since that hour there still hath slept
A pearl in every flower's cell.
And still through earth's unholly bowers
That angel's early footsteps rove;
Still drop her pearls upon the flowers,
The tokens of her changeless love.
And maidens choose e'en now to wear
Those buds on which the dewdrops lie,
And braid not roses for their hair.
Which have no pearls, for these will die;
Since from such flowers, they oftentimes say,
The angel's love hath passed away.

To Anche! Poems, chiefly Lyrical. By Thomas Smibert. Hogg.

THESE poems might have been better had they been less didactic. They are in most cases correctly, but somewhat heavily, written:—the productions of the reflective student rather than of the inspired poet. With this qualification—of premeditation rather than spontaneity—the following is a pleasing copy of

Veres.

I love the sacred, silent hours
That link the palms of Night and Day,
Wedding the coy reluctant powers
In bands of silver grey.

I love them, though too oft they shake
Oblivion from its proper throne,
And bid the restless soul awake,
And the dear Sleep begone.

The Thoughts that centre in the brain.
The feelings lodged within the breast,
Should then awhile at peace remain,
Like fledgelings in the nest.

Yet, by their very calm, these hours
Appear to me then calm to mar,
Setting the tired corporeal powers
With active mind at war.

Quick Fancy then revives old schemes,
That died as born, all unfulfilled;
While Memory calls up dearer dreams
Of things attained as willed.

And Melancholy claims her share
In that half-sigh, half-sweet unrest;
She mourns lost friends, and yet can bear
The loss that leaves them blest.

Still this grey season hath for me
A charm of deeper feelings born;
With bright peculiar thoughts I see
The rising star of Morn!

Wayfaring friends were ye of old,
In summer's heat and winter's snow.
Though Hesper paced the sky in gold,
And I trod earth below.

The draught of bliss that Morning sips
Is vast as ocean in its pool;
The cup ordained for mortal lips,
Though small, may be as full.

And of the joys for man designed,
A bounteous store fell then on me;
And, far as suited with our kind,
I shared the day-dawn glee.

And why was thus my bosom light?
And wherefore were my spirits gay,
As on I roamed alone by night
Upon a lonely way?

Love was the power that led me on—
Love was the lamp that lit my path;
Love made long miles seem light as none,
By mount, and moor, and strath.

* * *

Still fondly doth Remembrance hold
By those dear times which saw me rove
By night across the lonesome wold
To taste one hour of Love!

The closing eve beheld me go;
The dawn saluted my return;—
And why begin these tears to flow?
Poor heart, why idly mourn?

If she be happy, be thou glad,
Nor vainly what is past deplore;
And yet, how may I be but sad,
Since I can love no more!

* * *

It is not that my hair is grey,
Nor that my blood is thin and cold;
Few seasons, since young Passion's day,
Above my head have rolled.

Nor am I, if I know me well,
Of that affected whining crew,
Who rave of blights and blasts that fell
On joys they never knew.

The cup was full, brimful of bliss,
Which it was mine erewhile to drain;

I loved—was loved: the end is this—

I cannot love again.

Mr. Smibert's volume contains some good sonnets on historical characters and events, and some few ballads which show energy and spirit.

Poems and Tales, with an Autobiographical Sketch of his Early Life. By the Rev. W. Wickenden, B.A., the Bard of the Forest, With a Preface by the Rev. Henry Stebbing, D.D., Hall, Virtue & Co.

THE editor in his preface and the author in his autobiographical sketch have done what they could to anticipate the task of criticism on this volume; which comes before the world under sundry sanctions,—not the least being that of the celebrated Dr. Jenner, to whose memory it is dedicated. It was Dr. Jenner who, early in life, named its author "The Bard of the Forest." The latter had been mentioned to the discoverer of vaccination as a recluse, dreamy youth, residing in the Forest of Dean, who wrote poetry, and the benevolent physician addressed to the farmer's boy—for such he then was—a note of invitation, requesting the lad to bring to his house his manuscript poems.—We next find the author in the company of Dr. Baron, Dr. Forbroke, and the unfortunate Henry Neede—names all offered here as guarantees of Mr. Wickenden's merits. At the age of 24, having perused the poems of Kirke White, he determined on going to College; and soon after was entered as a sizar at St. John's, Cambridge,—having previously, by dint of private study and earnest application for about seven months, at the close of his day's labour on his farm, sufficiently instructed himself in classics and mathematics. At college he seems to have worked hard, but miscalculated his powers; and in a fit of despair "gulfed," instead of going through his examination. Afterwards, we find him in a curacy in Gloucestershire. The remainder of the tale is told by Dr. Stebbing.—

"Like other men of a similar disposition, he found that leisure and a poetic temperament are among the very worst enemies which a young clergyman can have to encounter. The overwhelming remonstrances of friends and clerical neighbours compelled the poor curate to break off his courtship. An illness followed: a partial recovery was succeeded by fresh attacks. During his sickness he received many proofs of the esteem in which he was deservedly held, and great cause he had to be thankful to his bishop for the readiness with which, when a change seemed expedient, he procured him another cure. Such, however, was the debility in which his sickness left him, that he could scarcely make himself heard even by the smallest congregation. It soon appeared that his voice was wholly gone. For a few months he retained a lingering hope that rest, and the prescriptions of some eminent medical men, might restore it. What little money his frugal mode of living had enabled him to save supplied his immediate necessities. But it was exhausted before the end of a year. The horrors of extreme destitution stared him in the face. He made his way up to London; and equally distressed and astonished I was to see the change wrought in his appearance. His story was soon told. The impulse which had brought him to town was that which is common to the wretched, and may be regarded as a species of phenomenon. What he was to do he knew not, and he stated that, had it not been for the characteris-

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hostile to the present Bishop of London he must have starved. The help which he then received from the bishop has never been forgotten, and he still speaks of it in connexion with that rendered by the Bishop of Gloucester, in terms expressive of most sincere gratitude."

What Mr. Wickenden has of talent is wild and undisciplined; but a certain eccentricity displayed in two stirring works has already obtained for him a peculiar kind of reputation. His 'Queer Book' and his 'Adventures in Circassia' are humorous, fantastic, quaint and ribable. There is an interest in his simple story which commands sympathy—the loss of his voice making him wholly dependent on his literary diligence. These are pleas scarcely admissible in the critic's court—but we hope they may find favour for the bereaved curate's poems and tales among those who may be pleased at their will and are permitted to have sympathies.

National Defence in England—[*De la Défense Nationale en Angleterre*]. By Baron P. E. Maurice, Captain of Engineers on the Staff of the Swiss Confederation. Paris, Corréard. Capt. Maurice's pamphlet has been produced by Sir Francis Head's octavo, and by the criticisms which that octavo called forth from the English press. In point of fact, Capt. Maurice pays more marked attention to the critics than to the author;—and the *Athenæum* in particular receives the distinguished notice of this Swiss officer, for the part which we took in the discussion excited last autumn by Sir Francis Head's extraordinary book.

Capt. Maurice treats the subject which he has taken up in a purely professional sense; and we cannot read what he has written without feeling that in his hands, and illustrated by the special statistics which he brings forward, the somewhat vague question of what is called National Defence assumes an intelligible and precise shape of which hitherto it has not had the advantage. The pamphlet before us is not long;—and it is written with remarkable clearness and temper. It contains more professional facts bearing on the subject than are to be met with anywhere else in the same compass; and it is written by a foreign officer who has every reason to be impartial,—and who is so. With these recommendations, and under these circumstances, we should imagine that it might be both a profitable and a useful undertaking to lay Capt. Maurice's pamphlet before the people of this country in an English translation. As a military memoir on a wide and difficult subject, it has of course a technical value which will ensure its circulation among those who belong to the writer's profession.

Our readers will be glad to learn that, in spite of certain large reservations, Capt. Maurice is not disposed on the whole to agree in the extreme alarm expressed by Sir Francis Head. The various means of attack against this country and the facilities for its defence are examined with considerable care by this Swiss officer; and while it is important to bear in mind that in the deliberate judgment of this competent critic England is by no means beyond the reach of danger as regards invasion,—still it is also important to remember, that the success of any hostile descent upon our shores appears to him to depend on the fortuitous concurrence of a host of independent and widely-separated circumstances. Sir Francis Head expressed himself quite certain that within a week of the declaration of war with France we should infallibly see an army of 150,000 Frenchmen, with baggage, artillery, stores and provisions, marching through the centre of Kent upon London. Capt. Maurice does not clear the ground quite

so fast. He looks about him very cautiously; and after calculating times and distances, the facilities necessary for the assembly and embarkation in good order and within a limited space of time of large bodies of troops, the comparative degrees of exposure of different French ports to hostile molestation, and the eligibility of various points of descent on this side of the Channel,—after going into all details of this character, Capt. Maurice thinks that, if France determined to hazard an army of 150,000 men in the invasion of England, the French general would find himself compelled to divide his force into at least four divisions, despatching two of them from Brest and two from Cherbourg. Capt. Maurice conceives that the destination of the first Brest division should be Plymouth; at which place he calculates that by the aid of steam it would arrive in seventeen hours. The second Brest division he would send to the mouth of the Avon, in an estimated period of twenty-seven hours. The first Cherbourg division is proposed to be directed on Rye, not far from the Conqueror's landing-place at Hastings:—and the second Cherbourg division would be destined to try its fortune against Portsmouth. Now, if we could suppose all these formidable collections of troops and vessels already assembled in good order and discipline in the two great military ports of Brest and Cherbourg, an invasion in the event of a war would not only be a possible, but it would be an imminent catastrophe. One of the greatest obstacles to any invasion at all consists in the difficulty which France would experience in making the needful preparations at Brest and at Cherbourg without arousing the alarm of this country, and leading to what Capt. Maurice calls such a premature commencement of hostilities as would defeat the whole scheme. We will extract, however, from the pamphlet before us one of the passages in which an attempt is made to estimate the force of those collateral circumstances which, in spite of the best concerted plans, might defeat a project of invasion.—

Would it be difficult to assemble beforehand at Cherbourg and at Brest the vessels of war necessary for the expedition? We think that if *war was not prematurely declared* it would be easy for the government to despatch without exciting observation from Toulon and Rochefort to Cherbourg and Brest vessels of war:—both sailing vessels and steamers. As to the transports, they might be assembled in the first instance in groups at Calais, Boulogne, Dieppe, Havre,—and from these places reach the two military ports where they would receive their complements. But it would be necessary to make these preparations prudently, so as not to give England a pretext for interfering before the declaration of war.—But it will be perhaps curious to inquire how long a time would be required for the embarkation of troops and matériel. To answer this question, it is necessary to refer to precedents. In 1830 the embarkation of 37,500 men for the expedition to Algiers took three days: according to that precedent the embarkation of the two squadrons destined for the mouth of the Avon and for Plymouth would take six days,—and that of the Rye squadron also six. In 1830 fifty-five days elapsed between the proclamation inserted in the *Moniteur* of the 20th of April and the first despatch dated from Torre-Chica on the 14th of June. It is certain, if ever France decides to attempt the invasion of England, that between the moment of the embarkation of the troops and that of their arrival on the other side of the Channel the time would be very much shorter. We do not count the time necessary for the concentration of the troops and the matériel and for the réunion of the flotillas, for inasmuch as these preparations would be made in secret, England would not be led to take alarm. Admitting, as we may without exceeding the bounds of probability, that the secret should not be developed except when the expedition was prepared to embark, the men would be carried to

the other side of the strait on the same day as the declaration of war. From Brest to the mouth of the Avon would require thirty-four hours for a flotilla which might be towed by powerful steamers; and seventeen hours would be required from the same place to the entrance of Plymouth Sound. Consequently, seven days and ten hours after the order to embark left Paris, the French squadron No. 1 might be at the mouth of the Avon,—six and a half days after, the squadron No. 2 might appear before Plymouth. From Cherbourg to Rye is fourteen hours. The squadron No. 3 would require, therefore, nearly the same time as the preceding to embark and transport its corps d'armée to the shores of Kent. Then, if we refer to the time which ought properly to elapse according to our calculation between the signal of alarm being given at London and the moment of the arrival there of the army of succour (from the provinces), we shall see that the expeditionary army would have abundant time to arrive there first, if it had the chance not to encounter a fleet in the Channel. For escaping such an obstacle, it has in its favour the night, the fog, and the short duration of the voyage. As to conjectures on the result of a struggle, we do not profess to offer any: we say only that each English corps d'armée would be inferior in number to the corps d'armée which it would have to oppose, and that it would hardly have the quantity of artillery necessary for the operations at hand.

The list of contingencies which Capt. Maurice has given in this passage is calculated to produce a very re-assuring effect. The following note, occurring in the same part of the pamphlet, should not be omitted. Expressed in few words, Capt. Maurice's meaning seems to be, that invasion or no invasion would depend on the French newspapers keeping a dead silence on the most exciting topic of the day for three months,—and on the English government and journalists remaining fast asleep during the same time.—

We know that with the publicity of the acts of the French Government, even the most insignificant, it is little probable that the preparations (for an invasion of England) would not be announced and commented on a long time in advance; but it is possible, also, that for once, influenced by public spirit, the French journals would not lend themselves to expose state secrets. In any case, however, for such a discovery to be of use to England, and to be known there in time to enable it to augment and train the new levies for its active army, it would be necessary that the intelligence should precede by at least three months the embarkation.

Of the several plans of defence which have been suggested for London, Capt. Maurice gives the decided preference to the scheme of a series of entrenched camps at a distance of ten or fifteen miles from the metropolis. But, for these details we must refer to the chapters themselves,—contenting ourselves with an extract from the reflections with which the pamphlet closes.—

It results, from what has been said in this memoir, that as regards the national defence of England, there are three capital consequences:—1. The English railways will only contribute in a certain degree to the defence of that country; and it would be imprudent to believe, as some have contended, that they form the sole safeguard. 2. Whatever may be the mode of fortification adopted (in England),—detached forts, continuous lines, or entrenched camps,—it is necessary to cover the metropolis, and abandon the idea of erecting new fortresses on the coast. 3. The personnel of the regular army would have to be necessarily augmented, whatever might be the system of defence adopted, and that sooner or later, because the fleet can never by itself prevent a hostile disembarkation on the shores of England.

The work, which we now commend to the appreciation of the politicians and soldiers of Great Britain, will be read, we think, with the persuasion that it has been dictated "by a sentiment of complete impartiality. Why should it be otherwise? The author belongs to a country of which it is the destiny and the duty to remain

neuter in the midst of the conflicts of its powerful neighbours. It may be demanded whether the present publication is opportune. The events of which for two years Europe has been the theatre may supply an answer. Even if we permit ourselves to hope that peace will not be disturbed, and that the leading governments of Europe will continue to live on good terms with each other,—still, who can foresee the perturbations which Egypt and Constantinople may one day introduce into the European equilibrium? England has good cause to have faith in her fortune and in the maritime supremacy which by long struggles she has acquired,—but it is no doubt wise in her to remember that she is not invulnerable. Steam navigation, railways, and the electric telegraph have powerfully augmented her means of defence,—but they facilitate also the means of attack, and smooth the routes which conduct to her shores. England has immeasurably extended her enterprises, commercial and industrial,—reckoning on a long future of peace. Peace has already endured thirty-five years: if war should declare itself suddenly, is she ready to sustain it?"—Such is the important question which the pamphlet before us treats from a point of view purely special and scientific.

In reviewing Sir Francis Head's book, we endeavoured to point out, at once, the folly of extreme apprehension and the desirableness of maintaining a reasonable degree of precaution. The same conclusion may be fairly drawn from this pamphlet. We most sincerely trust that a European war will never again occur; and we believe that causes of amelioration are in progress which at some future period will render wars of any kind morally impossible. In the mean time, however, we must deal with the facts as we find them:—and we are indebted to Capt. Maurice for the temper and ability with which he has discussed a question not directly interesting in his own country, but most important in these islands.

Eight Years in Syria, Palestine, and Asia Minor, from 1842 to 1850. By F. A. Neale, Esq., late attached to the Consular Service in Syria. 2 vols. Colburn.

Those who like to while away an evening over light and easy sketches of society and scenery in the East will find this a very agreeable book. Its fault is, that it is constructed on no systematic plan. The reader moves from spot to spot in Syria, Palestine, and Asia Minor just as Mr. Neale chooses; and unless he chance to have a general picture of the Turkish empire already in his mind, the effect of the book is simply to give him a succession of unconnected pictures of a great number of localities. Still, as Mr. Neale is evidently quite familiar with the East, and writes in a lively, shrewd, and good-humoured manner, a great deal of information—though not of a kind to tax the reflective powers of the reader sorely—is to be procured from his pages.

The following is as good a sketch as we have seen of the usual manner of life of a Turkish gentleman.—

"The life of the Turkish Effendi, or gentleman, at Antioch, is rather of a monotonous character. He lives in his own, or rather in two houses—for the harem, though part of the same house, is entirely partitioned off, and no one but himself and his slaves know where it is, or how to get in and out of it. He always keeps the door-key in his pocket, and when the ladies want anything, they rap, like so many woodpeckers, at a kind of revolving cupboard, which is securely fastened into the wall. Through this cupboard, at which neither party can see the other, the lady speaks to the servant, and tells him what to fetch or buy for her at the bazaars; and the article is brought and placed in the cupboard, which

is wheeled round by the lady inside, so that she may take it out. When they are desirous of walking in the garden, or going to the bath, the key is delivered into the charge of some old duenna, and the Effendi sees nothing more of it till the party has returned, and the ladies are safely locked up again. The Effendi is, generally speaking, an early riser, and seldom sits up till a late hour at night. On issuing from his harem, he is waited upon by half a dozen slaves, who assist in his ablutions: one holds the ewer, another the soap, a third the towel, and a fourth and fifth assist him with his clean apparel. Having washed and dressed, he goes through his morning devotions at the nearest mosque. Returning home, his servants serve him with his cup of bitter coffee and pipe of real gibili, by which time it is about seven A.M., the fashionable hour for a Turkish gentleman to call and receive visits. Acquaintances and friends saunter in, and salute the host, who salutes them. Beyond this, there is little conversation; for Turks hate talking; and still less joking, for they detest laughing. They inquire like a parcel of anxious doctors very kindly after each other's health, and after the general salubrity of their respective houses, for no one ever dreams of asking how his friend's wife is, that would be considered the grossest breach of decorum. Draft-boards, and pipes, and coffee are introduced. Some play, others look on; and save the rattling of the dice, very little is heard to interrupt the silence of the room. The Effendi's clerk comes in occasionally, with a batch of unanswered letters in his hands, and whispers mysteriously to the Effendi, who either goes off into a violent fit of rage, or nods his consent in approval of what has been done, just as the contents of the letters are pleasing or the reverse. Most of these letters are from the overseers, or the labourers in the Effendi's silk-gardens or olive-plantations; some few from people craving his assistance, others demanding repayment of loans of money; for there are but few of the Effendies of Antioch, though all rolling in riches, that are not indebted to some person or other for cash loans, as, such is their strange avarice, that though they possess (to use an Oriental expression) rooms full of money, they are loth to extract one farthing from their treasures for their daily expenditure. About ten A.M., the Effendi orders his horse, and followed by his pipe-bearer, who is equally well mounted, takes a sedate ride in the environs of the town. On Saturdays, in lieu of riding, he goes to the bath, but in either case he is pretty punctual as to the hour of his return. On reaching home, more pipes and coffee are produced, and he affixes his seal (for a Turk never signs his name) to the various business letters that his secretary has prepared, ready for dispatching. The cry from the minaret now warns him that it is the hour for mid-day prayer. Washing his hands, face, and feet, he proceeds to the sāmi (mosque), where he remains till it is time to breakfast; and when the breakfast is served, he goes through the forms of ablution again. After his meals, he is required to wash once more. I may here remark, for the guidance of strangers, that there is nothing a Turk considers more degrading than the want of this scrupulous cleanliness in Europeans; and considering the climate, and the wisdom of doing in Rome as Rome does (apart from all other arguments), travellers, although seldom obliged to use their fingers as Turks do at their meals, ought strictly to adhere to this custom whilst amongst Orientals. The Effendi, after his breakfast, which is generally a very good one, and is prepared by the careful hands of the fair ladies of the harem, retires into his seraglio for a couple of hours' siesta, during the heat of the day. In this interval, if a Pasha, or a bosom-friend, or the devil himself were to appear, and ask of the servants to see their master immediately, they would reply that he was asleep in the harem, and that it was as much as their heads were worth to disturb him. At about two P.M., the Effendi is again visible. He then occupies his time in playing drafts, or reading a Turkish newspaper. At four he goes once more to the mosque, and thence proceeds to the secluded garden on the banks of the Orontes. Here several other Effendis are sure to meet him, for it is their usual evening rendezvous. Carpets are spread; baskets of cucumbers and bottles of spirit produced; and they drink brandy and nibble cucumbers till nigh upon sun-

down. Sometimes cachouks, or dancing boys, dressed in gaudy tinsel-work, and musicians are introduced, for the entertainment of the party. By nightfall, every individual has finished his two—some more—bottles of strong *aqua vitae*, and they return homewards, and dine—and dine heartily. Coffee is then introduced, but nothing stronger—as they never drink spirit or wine after their evening meals. The nine o'clock summons to prayer resounds from the minaret, and nine minutes after that, the Effendi is fast asleep, and nothing under an earthquake would bring him forth from the harem again, till he rises simultaneously with the sun next day."

This extract will suffice to give an idea of the style of Mr. Neale's book:—the merit of which, however, consists less in its furnishing striking individual passages than in its being pleasant reading as a whole. Whether it arises from Mr. Neale's long residence in the East or not, we do not know,—but there are some passages of personal allusion to individuals and families whom he encountered in the course of his travels which seem (particularly when the allusions are uncomplimentary) to pass the usual limits of polite frankness. We might cite as an instance a satirical account of the whole household of a consular personage who treated him and a companion less hospitably than they thought they had a title to expect.

The author appends to the second volume an Itinerary for the use of travellers in the East, giving them directions as to the route which they should take, the places they should see, &c. Coming from a gentleman who has resided eight years in the East, and seen so much of it, we should fancy this deserving of attention.

The Discovery and Conquest of Terra Florida, by Don Ferdinand de Soto, and Six Hundred Spaniards his Followers. Written by a Gentleman of Elvas, employed in all the Action and translated out of Portuguese by Richard Hakluyt. With Notes and an Introduction, by William B. Rye. Printed for the Hakluyt Society.

This is another of the Hakluyt Society's pleasant reprints,—comprising the "personal narrative" of another of those adventurous travellers who went forth, not only "seeking of gold and silver," but expecting to find all those marvels with which mediæval romance had made them familiar—and which the earlier traveller had believed he should find in the far East—now ready to reward their diligent search in the wide plains of the New World. It is, indeed, very curious and amusing to observe how each marvel which had become part of the "joint stock" of romance again became current among the discoverers of this era,—and how each wonder, however it might hitherto have eluded discovery, was believed to be unquestionably existing on that new-found continent. Thus the terrestrial Paradise, girdled round by perpetual fogs and sultry darkness from mortal sight, was thought to be discovered in the "still vexed" but yet sunny and flowery Bermudas; the gold-paved streets of Cambalu and the jewel-lighted palace of the Khan were actually existing—so said learned men as well as bold adventurers—in the famous El Dorado; and the discovery of Florida was consequent on the prevalent belief that somewhere thereabouts that most valuable marvel, the fountain of youth, would be met with.

A marvellous fountain was this, so says the old romance of 'Huon of Bourdeaux'—the fountain which, as Burke remarks, would, if discovered, have been "a far better basis for stocks and funds than the richest mines of gold and silver," for it brought health to the sick and strength to the decrepit "if he drank of it, or only washed his hands," and restored to the wrinkled crone the bloom of the young maid.

This priceless fountain, the old romance in its characteristic strain of geographical accuracy declares, was situated "in a desert place, and that it flows from the Nile, and the terrestrial Paradise." Juan Ponce de Leon, the governor of Puerto Rico, however, thought he might as well seek for it in the West; he, therefore, set sail with three caravels in March 1512, and discovered—not the fountain, but—a country so beautiful with its flowers and verdure, that from this, as well as from its being Palm Sunday (Easter we should rather think, from the word *Pasqua*), he named it "Pasqua Florida." Driven ere he had advanced far into the interior by the warlike natives, he retreated; and thus foiled in his attempt to discover the fountain, he retraced his course, hoping to find "the island of Bimini, which he believed to be the Land of Youth, and described by the Indians as opposite to Florida." This, we need scarcely say, he did not find; but he discovered the Bahamas on his return, and left the fountain of youth and the island of youth alike to be found by more fortunate adventurers.

In 1519 and in the following year two attempts were made to penetrate into Florida, but without success. Marvelous stories of the inhabitants were, however, told, of which the following is an amusing example.—

"These people have a king of a giantlike stature and height, called *Datha*, and they say that the queen his wife is not much shorter than himself. This lord being demanded, why he alone and his wife should attain to that taleness and height of body, and none of the people besides, says, that this gift is not hereditary unto them by nature or from their birth, that they should exceede others by that prerogative; but that it proceedeth from violent art, after the manner: While the infants are in the cradell, under the brestes of the nurses, the Masters of that Art are sent for, who annoyn the several members of the infant for certayne dayes, with medicines of certayne hearbes which mollifie the tender bones, so that the bones being presently converted into the softnesse of lukewarme waxe, they so stretch them out in length oftentimes, that they leave the poore miserable infant almost halfe deade; and after that, they feed the nurse with certaine meats of powerful vertue. Lastly, the nurse giveth it the breast, while it lyeth covered in warme clothes, and refresheth and cheereth the infant with milke gathered from substantial meates: and after some fewe days of refreshing, they retorne to the dolefull service of wresting and winding of the bones againe."

This "queen-bee" sort of feeding we do not recollect to have met with before. The superior height of the rulers is however frequently remarked in the subsequent narrative; and seems to corroborate the opinion that the Spaniards were not the first conquerors of the aborigines,—but that a race superior in physical, and most probably in mental, endowments had already subjugated them. The following is too important to be passed over.—"In the document granting permission from Charles the Fifth to conquer the country, there is a passage to the effect that there should be no 'distributions' (*repartimiento*) of Indians, and that they should not do personal service except of their own good will and with wages, 'as is done with our free vassals and the working men in these kingdoms.' What a dead letter this clause became we have emphatic proof in the following pages, as well as in the general history of Spanish domination in the New World.

The fourth adventurer was Don Ferdinand de Soto, the narrative of whose expedition is now before us,—a wealthy man, who had gained to the amount of 180,000 ducats in the Peruvian conquest, and who had returned to Seville, where he "took servants and al other officers that the house of a nobleman requireth," and married a lady of high rank. It does not appear that "the fountain of youth" or any

other marvel had power to induce him to explore this unknown land,—but, as the narrator naively tells us, the report "that it was the richest country of the world." The story of who went, with their names and titles at full length, and accounts of their gallant array, are given; and "in the yeare of our Lord 1538, in the moneth of April," De Soto and his company set sail from Spain. In the May following the governor, with his fleet of "five great ships, two caravels, and two brigantines, left Havana and on Whitson Sonday they saw the land of Florida,"—five days after they cast anchor. The Indians seem to have been alarmed, and fled.—

"And so they marched that day, and the day following, compassing great creeks which came out of the bay. They came to the towne of Ucita, where the Gouvernor was, on Sunday the first of June, being Trinitie Sunday. The towne was of seven or eight houses. The lordes house stode neere the shore, upon a very hie mount, made by hand for strength. At another end of the towne stood the church, and on the top of it stod a fowle made of wood, with gilded cies. Heere were found some pearls of small valey, spoiled with the fire, which the Indians do pierce and string them like beads, and ware them about their neckes and handwrists, and they esteeme them very much. The houses were made of timber, and covered with palme leaves. The Gouvernor lodged himselfe in the lordes houses, and with him Vasques Porcallo, and Luys de Moscoso; and in others that were in the middest of the towne, was the chiefe alcade or justice, Baltasar de Gallegos, lodged; and in the same houses was set in a place by it selfe, al the provision that came in the shippes: the other houses and the church were broken down, and every three or four soldiery made a little cabin wherein they lodged. The countrie round about was very fennie, and encumbred with great and hie trees."

The governor sent "40 horsemen and 80 footemen" to see if they could take any Indians:—whom they found too "readie with their weapons" to be easily caught. A Christian of the name of John Ortiz, who had been in captivity among the Indians, was among the few who were taken:—and he had a long story to tell of hair-breadth escapes. This is a part.—

"And as soone as they were on land, from the houses of the towne issued a great number of Indians, which compassed them about, and tooke them in a place where they could not flee; and the other, which sought to defend himselfe, they presentlie killed upon the place, and tooke John Ortiz alive, and carried him to Ucita their lord. And those of the brigandine sought not to land, but put themselves to sea, and returned to the island of Cuba, Ucita commanded to bind John Ortiz hand and foote upon four stakes aloft upon a raft, and to make a fire under him, that there he might bee burned. But a daughter of his desir'd him that he would not put him to death, alleging that one only Christian could do him neither hurt nor good, telling him that it was more for his honour to keepe him as a captive. And Ucita granted her request, and commanded him to be cured of his wounds; and as soone as he was whole, he gave him the charge of the keeping of the temple, because that by night the wolves did eary away the dead corpses out of the same; who commended himselfe to God, and tooke upon him the charge of his temple. One night the wolves gate from him the corpes of a little child, the sonne of a principal Indian; and going after them, he threw a darte at one of the wolves, and strooke him that carried away the corps, who, feeling himselfe wounded, left it, and fell downe dead neere the place; and hee not wotting what he had done, because it was night, went backe againe to the temple; the morning being come, and finding not the bodie of the child, he was very sad. As soone as Ucita knew thereof, he resolved to put him to death; and sent by the tract, which he said the wolves went, and found the bodie of the child, and the Wolfe dead a little beyond: whereat Ucita was much contented with the Christian, and with the watch which hee kept in the temple, and from thence forward esteemed

him much. Three yeeres after hee fell into his hands, there came another lord, called Mococo, who dwellethe two daies journey from the port, and burned his towne. Ucita fled to another towne that he had in another sea port. Thus John Ortiz lost his office and favour that he had with him. These people being worshippers of the devill, are wont to offer up unto him the lives and blood of their Indians, or of any other people they can come by; and they report, that when he will have them doe that sacrifice unto him, he speakeith with them, and telleth them that he is athirst, and willett them to sacrifice unto him. John Ortiz had notice by the damsell that had delivered him from the fire, how her father was determined to sacrifice him the day following, who willed him to flee to Mococo, for shee knew that he would use him well; for shee heard say, that he had asked for him, and said he would be glad to see him; and because he knew not the way, shee went with him halfe a league out of the towne by night, and set him in the way, and returned, because shee would not be discovered."

After some other escapes, Ortiz fell into the hands of his countrymen, who brought him before the governor:—and he, giving him arms, clothing, and "a faire horse," put the all-important question, "Where there was any gold or silver?" This, Ortiz was unable to answer; but, learning from him that "the land of Florida was so large that in one place or other there could not chuse but bee some rich country," the governor determined to set forth to seek it. The narrative describes with much minuteness the toilsome journey and perils of these six hundred adventurous men,—and the disgracefully cruel conduct of their leader towards the Indians, who seem in very few instances to have even made a show of resistance, but who were always reduced to slavery.—

"They led these Indians in chaines with yron collars about their neckes; and they served to carrie their stiffe, and to grind their maiz, and for other services that such captives could doe. Sometimes it happened, that going for wood or maiz with them, they killed the Christian that led them, and ran away with the chaine; others fled their chaines by night with a peice of stone, wherewith they cut them, and use instead of yron. Those that were perceived paid for themselves, and for the rest, because they should not dare to doe the like another time. The women and young boyes, when they were once an hundred leagues from their countrie, and had forgotten things, they let goe loose, and so they served; and in a very short space they understood the language of the Christians."

The various notices of the Indian towns which they visited seem to prove not only that Florida was well inhabited, but that the people had formerly been more civilized. Thus, on entering the province of Cutifa-Chiqui, "the Ladie of that countrie" met them with a courteous speech.—

"And therewithal she presented unto him great store of clothes of the countrie, which she brought in other canoes; to wit, mantles and skinnes; and tooke from her owne necke a great cordon of perles, and cast it about the necke of the Gouvernor, entertaining him with very gracious speeches of love and courtesie, and commanded canoes to be brought thither, wherein the Gouvernor and his people passed the river. As soone as she was lodged in the towne, she sent him another present of many hens. This countrie was verie pleasant, fat, and hath goodly meadows by the rivers. Their woods are thin, and ful of walnut trees and mulberrie trees. They said the sea was two daies journie from thence. Within a league, and halfe a league about this towne, were great townes dispeopled, and overgrown with grasse; which shewed that they had been long without inhabitants. The Indians said, that two yeeres before there was a plague in that countrie, and that they remov'd to other townes. There was in their storehouses great quantite of clothes, mantles of yarne made of the barkes of trees, and others made of feathers, white, greene, red, and yellow, very fine after their use, and profitable for winter. There were also many deeres skinnes, with many compartments

AUG. 30, 1851

traced in them; and some of them made into hose, stockings, and shoes. And the ladie perceiving that the Christians esteemed the perles, advised the Governor to send to search certaine graves that were in that towne, and that hee should find many; and that if hee would send to the dispeopled townes, he might load all his horses. They sought the graves of that towne, and there found fourteene rooves of perles (390 lb.), and little babies and birds made of them. The people were browne, well made, and well proportioned, and more civill than any others that were seen in all the country of Florida; and all of them went shod and clothed."

But, as the narrator remarks, "the Goverour, since his intent was to seek another treasure like that of Atabalipa, lord of Peru, was not contented with a good countrey, nor with perles, though many of them were worth their weight in gold,"—so he set forth a twelve days' journey to Coça. Still the hoped-for treasure eluded his grasp; and suffering many privations, well deserved for their treachery and cruelty towards the Indians, they journeyed onward, having been compelled to burn all their stores,—even the pearls before mentioned, to prevent them falling into the hands of the natives. After having traversed "seven daies through a desert of many marshes and thicke woods," they at length arrived on the banks of the Rio Grande, the mighty Mississippi.

"The next day with speed, the cacique came with two hundred canoes full of Indians with their bowes and arrowes, painted, and with great plumes of white feathers, and many other colours, with shields in their hands, wherewith they defended the rowers on both sides, and the men of warre stood from the head to the sterne, with their bowes and arrowes in their hands. The canoe wherein the cacique was, had a tilt over the sterne, and hee sat under the tilt; and so were other canoes of the principal Indianas. And from under the tilt where the cheife man sat, hee governed and commanded the other people. All joyned together, and came within a stones cast of the shore. From thence the cacique said to the Goverour, which walked along the rivers side with others that waited on him, that he was come thither to visit, to honour, and to obey him; because he knew he was the greatest and mightiest lord on the earth: therefore he would see what he would command him to doe. The Goverour yielded him thankes, and requested him to come on shore, that they might the better communicate together. And without any answer to that point, he sent him three canoes, wherein was great store of fish, and loaves made of the substance of prunes, like unto brickets."

The editor remarks, that "it has been generally supposed that De Soto was the first European discoverer of the Mississippi:—there have not, however, been wanting learned investigators into this question who give the honour of this discovery to Cabeça de Vaca, or to Pineda."

Still De Soto's desire for gold was unquenched. Barges were made, and they crossed the Mississippi, and proceeded in the direction "where the Indians told him there was gold." Long and fruitless was their journey, even until they—reached the north side of the Arkansas river, where they wintered. De Soto now determined to return; and the sad remnant of the expedition, after three years' toil, in the spring of 1542, retraced their steps towards the Mississippi. Ere he arrived, the governor "fell sick of thought to see how hard it was to get to the sea; and worse, because his men and horses every day diminished, being without succour to sustain themselves in the country." The Indians now rose, and were cruelly massacred by the Christians; and surrounded by dangers which he could not flee from, ill tended, and ill at ease in mind, the fierce and cruel, but adventurous, Ferdinand de Soto breathed his last.

Luys de Moscoso, who had been elected governor in his stead,—

"determined to conceal his death from the Indians,

because Ferdinand de Soto had made them believe that the Christians were immortal, and also because they took him to be hardie, wise, and valiant: and if they should know that he was dead, they would be bold to set upon the Christians, though they lived peaceable by them. In regard of their disposition, and because they were nothing constant, and believed all that was told them, the Adelantado made them believe that he knew some things that passed in secret among themselves, without their knowledge, how, or in what manner he came by them: and that the figure which appeared in a glasse, which he shewed them, did tell him whatsoever they practised and went about; and therefore neither in word nor deed durst they attempt any thing that might bee prejudiciall unto him. As soon as he was dead, Luis de Moscoso commanded to put him secretly in a house, where he remained three daies: and remooving him from thence, commanded him to bee buried in the night at one of the gates of the towne within the wall. And as the Indians had seen him sick, and missed him, so did they suspect what might bee. And passing by the place where he was buried, seeing the earth mooved, they looked and spake one to another. Luys de Moscoso understanding of it, commanded him to be taken up by night, and to cast a great deale of sand into the mantles, wherein he was winded up, wherein he was carried in a canoe, and thrown into the middest of the river."

The survivors of the expedition under the conduct of their new leader reached the banks of the Mississippi; and having constructed seven brigantines, they sailed down the river. After twenty days they arrived in sight of the open sea;—and finally they landed on the coast of Mexico, where the viceroy received them kindly.—We thank the Hakluyt Society for this interesting reprint,—which forms a welcome addition to the history of early discovery.

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THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

As the time draws nigh when the Crystal Palace must be closed, and the memories of its splendid and peaceful triumphs fall into the domain of history,—speculation becomes more and more busy with the question as to what shall be done with the beautiful structure in which the industry of the world has been collated and exhibited. Unfortunately, this question is no longer debated on its own merits. Personal interests have been brought into the arena of discussion; and perhaps an unnecessarily loud and vehement assertion of

individual claims and merits—apt to appear intrusive in the face of so grand a fact as the Exhibition, and not altogether without a suggestion of offence, where so many talents and services have been laid under contribution—may have provoked hostility, or induced apathy, in quarters whence support in an attempt to preserve the Glass Palace was to be expected. Some of our contemporaries treat the idea of keeping the building for public uses as being at an end. They say, it must come down. Others darkly hint at certain secret projects which are said to be somewhere under consideration for securing it as a winter garden. Stripped of all mystery and personality,—the facts are few, and the case is simple.

The Government is under a formal pledge to the public to remove the building next May from Hyde Park. Time has been given to allow the public to pronounce in favour of its retention; but, in all probability under the impression that no Minister would be so unthrifthy as to think of taking down a single pillar of the unrivalled edifice, the public has not hitherto spoken in such a way as to afford Government the necessary authority. On the other hand, the Commissioners of Woods and Forests are believed to be anxious to have the building removed as soon as possible, and the Park, which is part of the domain under their too aristocratic government, restored to its old appearance. On these two sides, therefore, the prospects of the Crystal Palace are not very cheering.

Again:—the Commissioners for the Exhibition have a large surplus fund in hand, which they are pledged by their own conditions to expend in objects strictly connected with the chief purposes of the industrial gathering. Is a winter garden strictly connected with the cultivation of Art and Industry? The point has been much debated; and we believe we are right in saying that they have come to an almost unanimous decision that a project for converting the Palace into a mere winter garden has no claim whatever on the surplus fund. The means, therefore, of purchasing the crystal structure and laying it out as a garden must be sought elsewhere, if they are to be obtained at all. A public subscription for such a purpose, hinted at in some quarters, would not have much chance of success; and even if the money could be raised, we foresee many difficulties in the way of arriving at any satisfactory settlement. If the Government refuses to move in the matter, and if the Royal Commission declares itself hostile to the project, what could be done? The scheme to which mysterious allusion is made in a leading contemporary is not unknown to us; and as we consider the project utterly impracticable, we believe that we shall not be defeating any pending negotiation, or interfering with any immature project, by stating that it is based on the idea of farming out the Crystal Palace to a private contractor for a term of years. This is a scheme which in our opinion the majority could not entertain for a single moment. We have more than once stated fatal objections to any plan for the retention of the Palace built on this foundation—it is enough to repeat that Hyde Park is public property, every inch of it jealously watched and guarded by the public,—and no Government would dream of leasing twenty acres of it to a private speculator of any kind. As a monster show-case and garden, even without the Italian climate, the Crystal Palace would doubtless yield a large income; and Mr. Barnum, or some other speculator, would probably offer a high rental.—But what would Lord John Russell say to a proposal for its hire? How would the great public who subscribed their money towards its erection, or who by the purchase of season tickets and daily admissions have created the funds now in the Commissioners' hands—or that still greater public which looks to the green sward of Hyde Park as a part of its most sacred inheritance—endure such a farming out?

We need not answer these questions. We consider it as certain that if the Royal Commission continues to regard the purchase of the Crystal Palace as inconsistent with its pledge not to expend the surplus fund otherwise than in furthering the objects of the Exhibition, it must come down. But we suspect a little misapprehension abroad on this point. The Commissioners have

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olved that to buy the Crystal Palace for a Winter Garden would not be redeeming their plighted faith. They have not, so far as we know, resolved that to buy the edifice for any purpose would be an act of bad faith. A mere collection of evergreens and flowering plants might have a remote and fanciful relation to the progress of Art and Manufactures,—the great and central idea to be kept in view—but a great Museum and Institute such as we have described at length in former numbers, and of which a garden forms only a component and ornamental part, would be strictly, we fancy, in aid of such progress,—and therefore strictly a means of furthering such objects as were contemplated by the Exhibition itself. To a certain extent it is a perpetuation of the Exhibition itself, and an imprinting on it of many new meanings and uses.

With or without the Crystal Palace, the great surplus fund must, we suppose, be invested in such a manner as will aid in the improvement of Art and Industry. Three or four schemes—all of them, be it said, based on suggestions which have appeared in our own Exhibition articles, as our readers will see should their authors make them public—have been proposed, by persons officially connected with the great undertaking, for the efficient outlay of the money—but so far are any of these from being incompatible with the idea of retaining the Crystal Palace, that there is not one to which the building would not supply a machinery and a power of working hardly to be hoped for elsewhere. Whether the fund be expended in the foundation of a College of Industry, of a Museum of Art, of a Collection of Produce, of an Institute of Science, or of all these in combination as we propose,—buildings will be required—lecture-rooms, galleries, and so on—all of which are already provided in the great office now standing in Hyde Park. A great School of Design—a Picture Gallery—Collections of Floriculture, Natural History, Botany, Entomology, Antiquities—Colleges of Agriculture, of Manufactures, and of Art—may all be lodged here, and leave ample space for ornamental gardens, promenades, and other means of recreation. Why should the Commissioners think of going elsewhere for the accommodation already at their disposal? To throw away the Crystal Palace would be a serious extravagance in a people so wedded to ideas of economy as we are.

But the people should themselves pronounce their wishes on the subject more distinctly. The mere winter garden scheme may be considered as at an end. The question now to be resolved is:—Shall the Crystal Palace be retained for purposes strictly in keeping with the great aims of the Industrial Exhibition?

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Carlsruhe.

Among the smaller capitals of Germany, Carlsruhe, * the residence of the Grand Duke Leopold of Baden, is undoubtedly one of the most eligible for English families in respect of climate, cheapness of living, good means of education for children, and the better sort of enjoyments for grown-up people. With a mean temperature of $+1^{\circ}2^{\circ}$ R., or nearly 45° F. in winter, and of $+14^{\circ}67^{\circ}$ R., or nearly 65° F. in summer; in spring $8^{\circ}30^{\circ}$ R., or nearly 41° F.; in autumn $7^{\circ}40^{\circ}$ R., or nearly 49° F.; mean temperature of the year $8^{\circ}40^{\circ}$ R., or nearly 50° F.—with well-built houses and exceedingly clean and airy streets,—surrounded, as it is, partly by woods, that shelter it from the north winds, partly by meadows and fields and dry handsome leafy walks and public gardens,—its air is very salubrious:—Witness the bills of mortality, which in population of 24,000 show a yearly average of only 572 deaths (or 23·8 in a thousand), and those never of any epidemics. The necessities of life as well as luxuries are to be had at moderate prices, and the rent of apartments is also moderate. The Lyceum (high grammar school, or college, of the town), which is frequented by several hundreds of boys from six years of age up to eighteen,—the Polytechnic School, at which courses of architecture, mechanics, engineering, geology, &c. &c.

* Carlsruhe is situated in $49^{\circ} 1'$ lat., at an elevation of 300 (German) feet above the level of the sea.

are held by able lecturers paid by the Government, and which is resorted to by a great many young men from all parts of Southern and South-western Germany and Switzerland,—several well-conducted girls' schools and pensionnats for young ladies,—an Institute for teaching, theoretically and practically, vocal and instrumental music, a sort of Conservatoire, founded by the municipality, and under the superintendence of the well-known German tenor Flaizinger, which, besides the regular pupils (of whom the poorer ones are admitted gratis), is attended by many young persons from the best families of Carlsruhe for lessons in one or the other branch of “the sweetest of arts,”—together with various opportunities of getting good private lessons for one's children in music, drawing, &c.,—add an important and most valuable item to the other more material advantages of Carlsruhe.—The means of amusement are, as in almost all the smaller German capitals, a good Opera,—regular concerts and balls at the different “Societies” (of which that of the “Museum,” with more than seven hundred members from the higher classes of the inhabitants, a well-stocked library and reading-room, &c. its own *cuisine* and *cave*, is accessible to every well-bred and respectable foreigner),—and during the winter months musical performances by the different *Liedertafeln* (Singing Clubs) and *Cecilien Vereinen* (Philharmonic Societies), of more than the average number and excellence of such “treats for the ear” in musical Germany. Indeed, Carlsruhe is in that respect a town full of “harmony,”—which, from the politically loyal and socially open and lively character of its inhabitants, is not easily apt to be disturbed.

The principal advantage of a sojourn at Carlsruhe is—however this may sound like an Irish bull—the facility it affords of getting away, in a very short space of time and at a comparatively very small outlay of money, to many of the most picturesque and interesting spots of South-western Germany and Alsace. A 5—10 (English) miles' drive by coach, or—better still!—a 2—4 hours' easy walk, brings you from the gates of Carlsruhe to the north-western spur of the Black Forest mountains and into the pastoral Valley of the Alb, with its clear and swift-running trout stream, its old mills and yet older abbeys, its green fragrant meadows and rich beech woods, beyond which if you extend your walk some four or five leagues further over the hills, you enter the first range of the Black Forest proper, and may take your night's rest, after such a day's invigorating pedestrian tour, either at Wildbad, in the Valley of the Enz, or at Gernsbach, in the Valley of the Mung,—to return, the next day and by another route, by omnibus or diligence and railway waggon, to your Carlsruhe head-quarters. On another day, an hour-and-a-half's ride by the railroad, which runs in one unbroken line the whole length of the Grand Duchy (through Carlsruhe), from the Hesse-Darmstadt to the Swiss frontier, speeds you to the town of Heidelberg; in whose terraced Castle-garden you may enjoy a good breakfast and a delicious view of river and mountain scenery, and, after having roamed in its far-famed environs, be home in time to your dinner. A still shorter ride on the metallic way in another direction delivers you, after an hour, into the bosom of the loveliest of all the German valleys, that of Baden-Baden,—to inhale the bracing and balmy fragrance of its fir groves, or to enjoy the glorious sunset (if you so can after an epicurean dinner at the *table d'hôte* of the Zachsinger, or the Englisches Hof), from the battlements of its old ruined castle, or to plunge into the gaieties of its throngs of visitors. Do you want a yet more intense excitement as a set-off to the even tenor of your Carlsruhe town life?—the Spirit of the Locomotive whisks you away within two hours to the little towns of Achern and Renchen (in the Baden “Oberland,” or Upper Country),—from whence a two hours' drive with the omnibus, or (again, still better!) a four hours' easy walk through the Valleys of Kappel or Oberkirch, that smile like Eden from their numberless fruit trees and transparent rushing streams, leads you in a gradual ascent up to the magnificently wild

scenery of the Falls of Allerheiligen (All Saints), which, near this ruined old abbey, tumble down in seven cataracts through a high and narrow ravine that darkly frowns like the entrance to Hell, and was made accessible to the admirers of “Nature in her grim aspects and speaking with thunder voices” only two dozen years ago, by steps hewn in the live rock and by wooden ladders fixed to the sides of this mountain cleft. If you prefer a quiet prosaic sleep in your own bed to a romantic shake-down, in a moonlight night, at the hospitable forester's, close to the dilapidated lightning-struck cloisters and scarcely half a mile from the thundering falls,—you may so manage as to be at home by the last train, provided you had started from Carlsruhe with the first. Will you fill your mind with associations of the Middle Ages, and feast your eyes on the wonders of Architecture?—make again use of that modern wondrous combination of the inventive powers of natural philosophy and mechanics, and betake yourself, in two hours, (always, of course, starting from Carlsruhe,) to Strasburg,—to gaze up at that pile of all but mountain height which the pious zeal and skill of the feudal times raised for Christian worship and for the admiration of coming generations,—or to look down from its summit on the swarming multitudes of republican pygmies at its base. Or, recross the Rhine,—and, by continuing your railroad journey, go in two hours more to Freiburg, with its venerable and beautiful Minster; from whose high Gothic tower (513 feet) of the most elaborate filigree-like stone-work you may overlook a landscape which will justify in, or to, your eyes the envied appellation given to the mildly governed Grand Duchy of Baden as the “garden of Germany!” Hardly a forty-five minutes' railroad ride farther south from Freiburg lies that pearl of the Breisgau, that budding and dangerous rival of Baden-Baden, lovely Baden-weiler; which possesses almost all the physical attractions—nay, in some respects, yet greater—of that famous watering-place. It has the same variety and beauty of scenery, the same mildness of climate, with a stronger, and to the nerves peculiarly beneficial, infusion of the invigorating mountain breezes,—the consequence of the much higher, and yet sheltered, situation of Baden-weiler. It has similar medicinal springs,—only of a lower, rather tepid, temperature; whilst the more substantial items—as food, lodging, and so forth—are to be had partly at the same rate as, partly at a cheaper than, in Baden-Baden.

And now, since I am come back from the glories of Nature and the mighty works of Art to the prose and wants of life,—let me subjoin, for the curious in such things in England, and for the knowledge and benefit of those who may choose Carlsruhe, “the fan-built,” for their place of Continental residence, and their starting-point for such and similar excursions (as did many English families, particularly in the years 1846—7),—some statistical details about the average prices of the chief articles of consumption, the rent of apartments, tariffs of fares, &c. at Carlsruhe.—Meat is, beef $3\frac{1}{2}$ d., mutton $3\frac{1}{2}$ d., veal $3\frac{1}{2}$ d., pork $3\frac{1}{2}$ d., bacon and ham $3\frac{1}{2}$ d. (German) pound; bread, brown (rye) $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. to $2\frac{1}{2}$ d., a three-pound loaf, white (wheat) $2\frac{1}{2}$ d., a pound, mixed (of rye and wheat) $2\frac{1}{2}$ d., two pounds; flour (of wheat, or of spelt, or German wheat) from 6s. to 9s. a (German) hundred weight; potatoes, from 10d. to 1s. 3d. (according to quality) a bushel; butter (always fresh, never salted) 5d. to 6d. a pound; honey, 7d. a pound; milk (unadulterated) 2d. half a gallon; eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to $\frac{1}{2}$ d. a piece, in spring and summer often four for $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; coffee (unadulterated), from 10d. to 1s. 6d. (according to quality, for 1s. quite good); tea, 2s. 6d. to 6s. and 10s. a pound (6s. good quality, 10s. superior quality); sugar, brown $5\frac{1}{2}$ d., refined or loaf $6\frac{1}{2}$ d. a pound; candles, tallow $7\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 8d., stearin $13\frac{1}{2}$ d., wax $1s. 6d.$ to 2s. a pound; fruit, vegetables, &c. at the regular daily markets, very cheap; even the fine sorts, as asparagus, two dozen 3d. to 4d.; green peas 1s. 4d. to 1s. 6d. a peck; cauliflower 1d. to 1s. a large head; apples or pears 1d. to 3d. a dozen; plums $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to two dozen; cherries 1d. a pound; apricots, 1d. three to six; peaches ditto, grapes $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 1d. one to four

* Of English papers or periodicals, *Galignani's Messenger*, the *Athenæum*, and *Punch* are taken in.

[AUG. 30, '51]

bunches. Fuel: the common fuel is beech-wood, of which a cord costs from 14 to 17 florins (1*L.* 3*s.* 4*d.* to 1*L.* 8*s.* 4*d.*)—or, less frequently, fir-wood, the cord of which costs from 8 to 10 florins (1*s.* 4*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.*)—coal being seldom used, and of inferior quality. Wines (as the white wines of the country, though the ordinary beverage of the natives, are not much relished by the English, only the red wines are here mentioned): the red wines grown in the country are, of course, very different in their quality and in their prices: very good and wholesome red wines—so that they are even sent to England, and there probably sold and drunk as Burgundy and the like—being the *Affenhalter*, the *Zeller*, also the *Norsinger*, and the *Weinheimer*, of which the Baden *aum*, about fifty English gallons, may be had for 30 to 60 florins, or from 2*L.* 10*s.* to 5*L.*, according to the inferior or superior "growth"; that at 30 florins being probably not strong enough for English palates and stomachs, whilst that at 50 to 60 florins, especially of the growth of 1834, is nearly, or quite, as generous as real good Burgundy, and never adulterated. Very choice red wines, which will not yield the palm to any French wines of that sort, may be bought, at reasonable prices, at the yearly public auctions of part of the products of the Grand Duke's vineyards,—these being planted with the most costly vines, and their products being treated with the utmost skill and care. The principal are, the *Staufenberg*, the *Ebersteiner*, and (from the plantations of the brother of the Grand Duke, the Margrave Wilhelm, near the Baden-Sea, or Lake of Constance) the Spanish grapes' *Seewein*.—Medicines: of these the prices are fixed by Government regulations, and the apothecaries, the sole vendors of them, are strictly bound to keep to these prices, and to have their drugs always in the prescribed good condition. Physicians may be paid, according to the Government tariff, 1*s.* for one call or consultation, and 5*d.* more for a prescription; but the custom is, to give the family physician a certain yearly fee,—the amount of which varies from two to five, and from ten to fifteen guineas, according to the rank and fortune of the patient or patients, and the more or less frequent attendance of the doctor. Servants, when ill, are taken good care of, and that without any extra expense or trouble to their masters, by paying for each of them a yearly sum of two florins (3*s.* 4*d.*) to the Servants' Hospital; when they will either receive a physician's attendance and the necessary medicines at the house of their master, or be brought to the hospital itself, where they are carefully treated as long as their illness lasts.—House rent varies from 1*L.* to 10*L.*, according to the number of rooms, and their being furnished or unfurnished. The average rent of a lodging consisting of four rooms (parlour, bedrooms, &c.,—kitchen, cellar, &c. always included), is 1*L.*; of eight or nine rooms, 3*L.* or 4*L.*; of twelve to fifteen rooms, 6*L.* to 8*L.*; these prices being understood for a set of apartments in one or two stories (first or second, or second and third), or for a whole mansion (and then with the use of a garden), in the more modern and "fashionable" parts of the town,—the houses in which are all solidly built of stone, mostly two-storyed, and then containing from eight to twelve rooms; or three-storyed, and then containing from twelve to eighteen. The necessary furniture, including kitchen utensils, &c., is either paid for extra to the proprietor of the house, or easily to be procured at a moderate rent from upholsterers or furniture-lenders. Fares: for handsome cabs, with one or two tolerably good horses, that regularly ply in the town, or may be had also for drives *out of the gates*, the hire is, according to the Government tariff, for 4 hours, and for one or two persons, 4*d.*; for ditto, for three or four persons, 6*d.*; for one hour, 1*s.* 4*d.* and 1*s.* 8*d.*; for two hours, 2*s.* and 2*s.* 4*d.*; for three hours, 2*s.* 8*d.* and 3*s.*; for four hours, 3*s.* 4*d.* and 3*s.* 8*d.*; for half a day (*i.e.* for more than four and to six hours), 3*s.* 8*d.*; for a whole day (*i.e.* for more than six and to twelve hours), 5*s.* 10*d.* These fares are all for a cab with one horse; for one with two horses, always a few pence in addition. Railway fares: one place in a first or in a second class carriage, from Carlsruhe to Heidelberg, 3*s.* 8*d.* and 2*s.* 6*d.*; Carls-

ruse to Baden-Baden, 2*s.* 10*d.* and 1*s.* 11*d.*; Carlsruhe to Athern, 3*s.* 7*d.* and 2*s.* 5*d.*; Carlsruhe to Renchen, 4*s.* 1*d.* and 2*s.* 9*d.*; Carlsruhe to Kehl (Strasburg), 5*s.* 4*d.* and 3*s.* 7*d.*; Carlsruhe to Freiburg, 9*s.* 4*d.* and 6*s.* 4*d.*; Müllheim (Badenweiler), 11*s.* 4*d.* and 7*s.* 9*d.* The second-class carriages are perhaps most to be recommended. They are sufficiently commodious,—not so luxurious of course, as those of the first class, but considerably cheaper,—no small object to persons travelling with large families. Those of the third class are mostly made use of by the middle classes of the natives; and those of the fourth class only by the poorest or the most economical travellers. The fourth-class fare, for instance, from Carlsruhe to Freiburg is only 3*s.* Children under ten years of age pay always a class lower than a grown-up person. The trains go at the rate of about 16 English miles an hour:—rather slow when compared with the English rates,—but, as a compensation, there is never an accident at all, or, at least, none worth mentioning.

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sand shares of 5*s.* each; and to establish in various central and convenient parts of the Metropolis waiting and reading rooms, to which the admission will be by annual subscription or occasional payments of small sums. The trial made at the Crystal Palace would seem to have set at rest the questions, whether such establishments are required, and whether they would pay. There is no longer much doubt on either point.

The Society of Day-working Bookbinders propose, we see, to open their Annual Exhibition to the members of the craft early next week, at their usual meeting-room in Museum Street. The loan of curiosities and other specimens of the art are solicited from the trade; and the committee promise to make this Exhibition surpass all its predecessors in richness and rarity.

The curious anomaly that the English Government, in this age of telegraphs, has no means of communicating by electric power with one of our most important naval stations, is about to cease. The Great Western Railway directors have at last resolved to lay down a set of lines from Slough onward to Exeter, so as to bring Bath, Bristol, Taunton and Exeter into direct communication with London. A telegraph is already at work on the South Devon Railway,—so that from Plymouth to London the opening will be complete, and the latest news from the Cape, Cadiz, Lisbon and Oporto may be known in London before the southern mails are well come to anchor in the Sound. The marvel is, not that this chain of communication should be now formed, but that it should have been delayed so long.

A correspondent "fresh from Lichfield" directs our attention to the gaoler-like manner in which Lichfield Cathedral is shown to the visitors—and more especially to the "old Westminster wax-work and chamber-of-horrors way" in which an extra sixpence is forced from the pocket for a sight of Chantrey's "Sleeping Children,"—the leading attraction of the interior of the Cathedral. Our correspondent (we wish we could print his name)—but it is too personal for our columns) contrasts the manner of showing Durham Cathedral—from which he had just come—with the mode adopted in showing Lichfield. At Durham all is freedom and security:—at Lichfield all lock-up and security. "You will remember," writes our angry correspondent, "that the monument to the two children is placed at the east end of the south aisle of the choir; and that the gate by the transept did—and might still—afford a capital distant view of the impressive group. No such view, however, is afforded now. The children are covered over with a coverlid of green flannel:—treated as if they were a batch of rolls fresh from the oven, to be kept warm for customers. Now, all distant effect is destroyed by this unsightly practice:—not to speak of the loss which the group sustains from want of that effect of light and shade which a little dust powdered by the seemingly careless hand of Time never fails to convey to statuary. Then, the marble is polished up till it is almost wax-work:—as if it were rubbed by the verger in the same way in which old women polish up their apples for their street-stalls."—"Conceive," our correspondent adds, "the monuments in Westminster Abbey bagged up in this manner:—what an exhibition of green flannel and brown holland,—what a withdrawal of bags,—and what an unsightly interior!"

The Dublin literary circles have recently lost the Rev. Dr. Samuel O'Sullivan—a political writer of much force and activity, and one of the leading contributors to the *Dublin University Magazine*. His style was close and consecutive, and of late years was marked by a vein of reflectiveness not often found amongst Irish writers. He was able in attack than in defence,—like most polemic authors. The most valuable of his writings are, a series of elaborate biographic essays on modern Irish statesmen; which apart from their literary talent have the merit of originality of matter. For his papers on Lord Chancellor Clare and Mr. Saurin he was furnished with special facts; and his Chaplaincy to the Phoenix Park Military School gave him access to several persons high in office, whose acquaintance he preserved. He was an entertaining and instructive companion,—fertile

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various original anecdote. His pen exercised great influence over the Irish Conservative press for several years—but with the merits or demerits of political controversialists we meddle not. We know that it was Dr. O'Sullivan's intention to reprint, with additional matter, his excellent essays on Flood and Grattan—the best pictures left us of those Irish statesmen.

The Queen's College at Cork has lost within the few days Prof. Walsh, who filled the chair of law. Twenty years ago he was a political notoriety in the South of Ireland,—but latterly his profession had more attraction for him than politics. As a speaker he was fluent to diffuseness; but his ease, vivacity, and command of graceful diction made him useful as an advocate at the bar and attractive in the lecturer's chair.—There is great excitement among the members of the Munster Bar as to who may be the successor to his vacant chair.

In reference to some remarks of ours on the want of free libraries in England, Mr. J. B. Simpson writes from Glasgow to claim for that town an honourable exception from our censure on the score of its possessing the Stirling Library. "I have no doubt," says our correspondent, "you will be glad to learn that there is at least one library besides the Chetham that affords gratuitous reading to all who come for it. From May 14, 1850 till March 29, 1851 (about ten and half months) there were 9,593 visitors, who perused gratis in this library 10,569 volumes. There is no introduction or guarantee required: the applicants have simply to enter their names in our reading book, and the volumes are given out to them—which they may peruse in a comfortable hall from ten to four every day and from seven to nine every evening, except Saturday, when the library is open from ten to twelve at noon. Our readers are sometimes above sixty in a day; and you would be delighted to see the orderly studious manner by which their attendance is characterized. The intention of Mr. Stirling, who founded this library in 1791, was, that it should be rather select:—and the books have so increased by large donations and otherwise, that it is now a very valuable collection."

All who are acquainted with Edinburgh know that a conspicuous feature of the city consists in the statues and monuments which meet the eye at prominent points in particular streets. The Edinburgh papers mention that an addition of some importance is now making to these monuments,—which is the shape of a freestanding statue of the Queen, by Mr. Handy-side Ritchie, to be placed in the front of Holyrood Palace.

The Continental papers announce that Count Alexandre de Saluzzo, President of the Academy of Sciences of Turin, has expired in that city.—The death at Zurich—in the University of which town he was Professor of Natural History—of the great naturalist, Dr. Oken, is also reported.

A museum of a novel kind is about to be established at Versailles. It is to consist of a collection of French saddlery and carriage furniture of all dates and manufactures. The great state carriages, now locked up from public view in one of the ground floors of the palace—and which are interesting as connected with important historical events—will be arranged in a gallery by themselves. The very names of many of these vehicles have found an abiding place in the annals of France—la Brillante, la Victoire, la Cornaline, la Topaze, &c. Among these, there are the baptismal carriage of the King of Rome, the coronation carriage of Charles the Tenth, and the funeral car of Louis the Eighteenth. Such a collection must have many points of interest to the antiquary not less than to the artist and manufacturer.

A letter from St. Petersburg says, that the Imperial Society of Geography in that city is just now exhibiting extraordinary activity. Scarcely has the African Expedition which it despatched in search of the sources of the Nile returned, ere it sets out about the preparation of a new mission, to explore the peninsula of Kamtschatka and other Russian possessions in the Pacific Ocean. This latter Expedition will be placed under the direction of a young Polish geographer, the Count de Capitán; who has volunteered to contribute an

annual sum of 5,000 silver roubles (800*l.*) towards its cost.

Two curious developments of Transatlantic civilization—virtually identical in their nature and signification—are beginning to attract the attention of people who speculate on the philosophy of society.—First. In California, it seems, the ordinary course of justice as practised in civilized States is all but superseded by a systematic exercise of Lynch Law. There exists, it appears, in San Francisco, a self-constituted tribunal, consisting of 800 or 900 of the most influential citizens, and called "The Vigilance Committee," which takes cognizance of crimes committed in the city, snatches the criminal from the jurisdiction of the established courts, and tries and hangs him at the shortest possible notice and in the most public possible manner. This mode of procedure is said to be far more popular than that according to the ordinary routine; and it would appear, therefore, say some, as if the reconciliation of Lynch Law and instinctive revenge with the forms of advanced civilization were to be one of the problems which California is to attempt to solve for us. The *Times*, on the other hand, while calling attention to the fact, remarks very justly that one of the worst features of the change going on in California is, that it seems to glory in the re-introduction of those sanguinary punishments for offences of lesser degree which civilization was thought to have exploded. Is this renewed contempt for human life in the far West a necessary characteristic of the stage of general society there represented?—Second. Again, the Americans, deviating from the principle of Washington, seem to be resolved, in their actions as a nation, also to substitute their immediate perceptions of what is right or desirable for procedure according to established international forms. Thus, all over the States, individual citizens, paying no attention to the prohibitions of the Government, enlist as volunteers for the invasion of Cuba. People are expressing this tendency philosophically by saying that the Americans are beginning to see that they are to be, as it were, the agents of the world,—ready to flock to any part of the earth where anything important is to be done, and to give their services towards doing it.

THE ORIGINAL DIORAMA, Regent Park—**NOW EXHIBITING.** Two highly interesting Pictures, each 70 feet broad and 50 feet high, representing MOUNT ETNA, in Sicily, during an Eruption; and the ROYAL CASTLE, on the Rhine, with various effects. Admission to both Pictures only One Shilling—Children under twelve years, half-price. Open from Ten till Six.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14, Regent Street.—**THE CRYSTAL PALACE AS A WINTER GARDEN** is exhibited immediately preceding the Diorama of the OVERLAND TRAIL to INDIA, showing Southampton, Chitra, the Tagus, Tarifa, Algiers, Malta, Alexandria, Cairo, Suez, the Red Sea, Aden, Ceylon, &c. Open from Ten till Six. Price, One Shilling—Children under twelve years, half-price. Open from Ten till Six.

THE GREAT DIORAMA of JERUSALEM and the HOLY LAND. ST. GEORGE'S GALLERY, HYDE PARK CORNER, Meets the Crystal Palace every Evening, with this grand Series of PICTURES devoted to the Holy City, with its solemn and interesting associations, including BETHANY, MOUNT of OLIVES, GARDEN of GETHSEMANE, VALLEY of JEHOSHAPHAT, POOL of SILOAM, MOUNT ZION, SITE of BETHHEMEL, CHURCH of the JEWS, PLACE of THE LAST SUPPER, and the HOLY SEPULCHRE. Many other Views of JERUSALEM, and accompanied by GRAND SACRED VOCAL MUSIC. DAILY, at Twelve, Three, and Eight o'clock—Admission, 1*s.*; Reserved Seats, 2*s.*; Stalls, 2*s.* ad.

ST. GEORGE'S GALLERY, HYDE PARK CORNER.

THE SYRO-LEBANON COMPANY.—**THE HOLY LAND with SYRIAN PERFORMERS.**—The great HOLY LAND DIORAMA is now illustrated by a troupe of Native Artists from Syria and Palestine, who, on the 1st December, will perform their Masters' Canticles of the Countries, and sing the Melodies of their Land—DAILY, at Three and Eight. Admission, 1*s.*; Pit, 1*s.* ad.; Stalls, 2*s.* ad.—Please notice the Address, EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION AND THE ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—AH THE MOST INTERESTING DEPOSITS AT THE GREAT EXHIBITION will, in turn, be LECTURED ON at the ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION. THE PRESENT LECTURE is by Dr. Pepper, Esq., on the MINERALS and BASE METALS in the Great Exhibition, and their connexion with the possibility of TRANS-MUTATION.—POPULAR LECTURE by Dr. Bachofner on the recent TOTAL ECLIPSE of the SUN, with splendid Diagrams, showing the appearance of the Sun during the last Total Eclipse.—THE SCIENCE OF COOKING by GAS explained.—A LECTURE on the HISTORY of the HARP by Frederic Chatterton, Esq., with Vocal Illustrations.—TWO SERIES of SPLENDID DIS-SOLVING VIEWS—DIALS and LIVING BELL, &c. &c.—Admission, 1*s.*; Schools, Half-price.—Open daily from half-past Ten till Five, and every evening from Seven till half past Ten.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.
TUESDAY. Horticultural, 3.
THURSDAY. Zoological, 3.—General Business.
FRI. Botanical, 3.

FINE ARTS

The Sundhya; or, Daily Prayer of the Brahmins, &c. &c. in Twenty-four Plates. By Mrs. S. C. Belnos.

THE leisure and opportunity possessed by many enlightened women in India would lead us to expect valuable additions to our store of knowledge from their hands; but such is the enervating nature of the climate, that few have aroused themselves to sufficient exertion for any continuous work. Mrs. Belnos forms a worthy exception to those by whom she has been surrounded.

Her curiosity and interest once excited, she never allows herself to be arrested in her inquiries by ordinary obstacles; and to her energy and perseverance we are, in consequence, indebted for enlightening us on subjects with regard to which we were before much in the dark.—Her observations were first attracted to the ordinary habits and manners exhibited by the Hindoos; but eventually her attention was more particularly turned to those singular practices connected with their religion which evidently form an essential element in the ritual of all,—especially of the Brahmins. Mrs. Belnos's object being a higher one than the gratification of idle curiosity, the cursory observation of what was passing before her did not suffice. Besides, however, the obstacles in the way of obtaining precise information, she found that, when obtained, it would be impossible to convey a notion of the different practices in question without the aid of pictorial illustration,—and this could not be accurately given unless she had an opportunity of sketching the various exercises from the actual worshipper. The difficulty of effecting this will be readily understood when we remember that the inquirer was a lady who, though conversant with the familiar use of the spoken language, possessed no Oriental lore,—and when we further consider the intolerant prejudices of the Brahmins, and the improbability of their being induced to enlighten a European female on topics which they suppose to be so far above her comprehension, or to lay bare the mysteries of their religion by the exhibition of their sacred rites for a profane purpose. Our fair authoress ultimately succeeded in inducing an officiating priest of one of the temples to perform the whole ceremonial of his daily worship in her presence,—and likewise to furnish her with the prayers by which they were accompanied. All the attitudes, signs, and figures of the morning devotions, and likewise the Poojas, she carefully delineated:—and the result is, the present series of original drawings,—each plate being accompanied by a descriptive text, and by the prayers from the Sanscrit translated into English.

The work is not of a nature to furnish materials for extract,—as it consists chiefly of pictured illustrations, admirably executed. But the following brief account of the forms used daily at morning prayer will be found both amusing and instructive.

It is habitual with the natives all over India to rise with the first dawn of day. The Brahmin sits up on his Charpa, or on a mat on the ground, and, joining his hands, repeats the prayer to the Gooroo (High Priest), who is considered by the Hindoos to be invested with the power of a Deity, and to have sprung from the Gods. To him the Brahmin offers up his first morning orisons. * Having terminated his prayers to the Gooroo, he quits his place of repose; and filling a brass vessel, called Julpairee, he commences by washing his face and rubbing his teeth, praying, at the same time, that all impurity may thus be cleansed away from him, and he be made as pure within as without. Then, proceeding to the river side, he enters the Ganges, knee deep, sprinkles a little water, by a quick jerk of the right hand, over his head; and holding some in the half-closed palm of the same hand, he addresses the great deity Bhagwan.

The verses which he repeats are termed Gung-ashtuks, or praises of the Ganges; and are not confined to the sacred books,—being supposed to be the inspirations of certain holy sages.

Although there appears to be little analogy between the forms used by the Brahmins and those employed by other Eastern religions, yet where similarities exist they are worth observing on as suggestive of a probable common origin or motive cause. The Mohammedans also wash their teeth, face, hands, and feet before each of the five daily prayers; and these frequent ablutions and prostrations, which call into action all the muscles of the

[AUG. 30, 51]

body, conduce greatly to its health and vigour in hot countries, where the tendency to inaction induces a torpor extremely hurtful. This superior cleanliness and activity conduces, too, not a little to the respect with which the Brahmins are regarded by their less fortunate labouring countrymen.

The purification by frequent immersion in the sacred stream being completed, the Brahmin changes his Dhotee (wrapping garment) for a dry coloured one,—either red, yellow, or orange. These colours are worn principally by the Brahmins of the Upper Province. He spreads his mat upon a dry spot on the bank of the river, and seating himself cross-legged, the right lying on the left, which posture he retains immovably for two or three hours together, he performs with his hands and fingers all the ceremonies of the morning devotions to the Deities, commencing with the principal ones,—as Mahadeo, Vishnoo, &c. The various figures executed with the hands and fingers are performed with wonderful rapidity, the votary repeating, at the same time, the names of each figure ** No other meaning is attached to these figures, but that they are pleasing to the Deities.

It is not an uncommon exercise of the memory among the Mohammedans to repeat the ninety-nine epithets of the Divinity; which is done by means of a chaplet of ninety-nine beads, divided into three sections of thirty-three by a differently coloured and differently formed bead, so that it may be known by sight or touch. This exercise, or repetition of three sentences each thirty-three times, is performed sitting or walking, or on horseback, by help of the chaplet which most Mohammedans carry about with them. The various movements of the hands in the performance of the Brahminical devotions have no parallel in the Mohammedan worship, one or two only excepted:—that wherein the open hands are held out before the body, as if supporting a book in the recital of the Fethaha, or opening chapter of the Koran,—and that wherein the fore-finger of the right hand is held up in the recital of a chapter of the same book in which the unity of the Divinity is emphatically asserted.

After having performed all the figures contained in Plates 4 and 5, the Brahmin proceeds to the Pranayama, taking an inward view of Vishnoo Bhagwan, and Mahadeo:—the first, “Preserver of the Universe,” the latter, “The Destroyer of all.” This ceremony is performed in the following manner:—1st. He presses in the right nostril with the fourth finger of his left hand, repeating the name of each Deity; and counting them nine times over upon the joints of the fingers of his right hand with great rapidity, half closing his eyes the while, and drawing in his breath: then gently pressing in the left nostril with the thumb, he breathes out, repeating the same name as many times over. Then releasing the right nostril, and still pressing in the left with the thumb, he terminates the Pranayama. These names, &c. are not uttered aloud, but merely by the movement of the lips. The Pranayama concluded, the Brahmin takes up water in the palm of his left hand; and, touching it with the tips of the fingers of his right hand, he sprinkles it over his head. Then, dropping his right hand, and taking up fresh water, he presents it to the right nostril, drawing in his breath; then pouring out the water on the left side of the palm. He then takes out the Urgha (a long, shallow vessel of copper) filled with water, over which he strews yellow and red sandal, raw rice, and a few flowers (the flowers are not particular in the choice of the flowers, in these prayers); then, rising from his seat, he holds the Urgha with both hands, passing one end of the Janoo (Brahminic thread) over the thumb and the Urgha,—and repeats his prayer of offering to the Sun; concluding by pouring out the contents of the Urgha.—

He then makes the sign, with the hands and fingers, forming a hole between the middle fingers: holding them up to his left eye, he takes a survey of the Sun. After this, he resumes his seat, in the same attitude as before, the right leg crossed over the left, and then proceeds to the Gayatri Jup.

This is secret, and cannot be divulged to any but a Brahmin.—

It must be whispered only in his ear. The figures performed with the right hand, while the left one hangs listlessly over his right foot, must be cautiously concealed from all prying eyes, by a red cloth bag, drawn over the hand, and hanging down on all sides. * After the secret prayer he makes the sign of eight woodras, the last two of which are performed by a change of posture, the right arm resting over the knee of his right leg, the greater toe of which foot he holds with the thumb and index. ** This concludes the ceremony performed by the Brahmins daily in their sacrefraternities on the banks of the river. The general of the Hindoos, however, do not adhere strictly to the performance of every part of the ceremonies enjoined by their Poojas and Shaasters, but merely repeating the first few Moodras, and then, sprinkling some water on the head, they go home. It is all a matter of conscience with the inferior sects of Hindoos whether they perform the ceremonies prescribed by their religion, or otherwise; these consisting generally of the working classes and men of business, who are forced to shorten their devotion from press of time, and various other causes.

The whole of these movements are accompanied by prayers, which will be found very interesting.

For the Poojas we must refer to the book itself,—as well as for representations of the sixteen vessels esteemed indispensable in all the religious ceremonies of the Brahmins. There is one similarity between the Brahmin and the Mohammedan which we have not mentioned,—they each shave the head all but the tuft on the top:—the object of which with the Mohammedan is, to furnish the infidel or Christian (against whom he is always to be ready to do battle) with a handle whereby, if he should be slain, the head may be carried after it is cut off, rather than by the beard, which would be a great indignity. But this peculiarity, we apprehend, can have no such origin with the peaceful Brahmin.

Mrs. Belnos's work does not enter into any speculations regarding the religion of the Brahmins or the origin of the ceremonies which they employ. She furnishes us with facts and data to compare with the facts and data of other Oriental religions, and to speculate on for ourselves. As a book of reference her work will be very valuable;—but in its present costly form it is so far from attainable by the many, that we could wish to see her publishing a small popular edition which would be within the means of all whom the subject may interest.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—The unsightly side of Wellington Street in the Strand—that part of the street immediately leading to Waterloo Bridge—is about to be built over by Government, as a new Office for the Inland Revenue,—as the Excise and Stamps and Taxes have been called since their recent consolidation. It is the intention of the architect employed (Mr. Pennethorne) to carry out the design and architectural character of Somerset House:—to work, in short as far as line and rule and spirit will allow him in the style of Sir William Chambers. When this additional wing to Somerset House shall be completed, the Excise Office in Old Broad Street will be sold by auction, and the money carried to the credit of the public. This change will, it is said, simplify materially the system of stamping newspapers:—so that a great public improvement as far as the eye is concerned will be united with important conveniences to that Fourth Estate the proprietors of newspapers.—Other changes in the building, to which we alluded some time back, are still in contemplation. We should be sorry, however, to see any important deviation from Chambers's design:—for Somerset House is one of the few buildings that we possess combining grandeur with solidity and unity of design with delicacy and finish in details. After St. Paul's, it is the only London building in the classic style that both attracts and satisfies the foreigner.

The proprietors of the Regent Street Gallery of Illustration have just put forth to exhibition a charmingly executed representation of the Crystal Palace as a Winter Garden. The Palace is shown under two effects—daylight and gaslight; and the whole arrangement of the trees and statuary is finely made. Of course, the point of view is the centre of the transept:—with a fountain (not unlike Mr. Osler's) surmounted by an Angel of Peace, satisfying the eye and ear with the beauty of its form and the melody of its waters. The long vista of statues in the nave is peculiarly striking.—Could the proprietors succeed in inducing the inhabitants of Kensington to visit their gallery in a body while this exhibition is on view—we think their opposition to the Palace in any state would give way before the temptation of having such a “canton” of Fairy Land in their immediate neighbourhood.

At the Diorama of the Holy Land, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, we witnessed on Wednesday night the rehearsal of the performance of a company of natives of Syria, exhibiting the manners and customs of their country,—supplying, as it were, the living portion of the Diorama with its proper paraphernalia of coffee, pipes, &c., in the style of the better classes of the chief cities of that country. In the first scene we were introduced to the bridegroom and his mother in the salamlik, or guest chamber. They were seated on a long well-furnished divan or sofa; and, dressed in the richest silks of Damascus, were awaiting the con-

gratulatory visits of their friends on the son's approaching alliance with the daughter of a rich merchant of that city. After the usual compliments and many interesting peculiarities,—not omitting the singular gurgling shriek in which all the female visitants joined at every fresh arrival, a company of musicians came in, seated themselves on the ground, and performed some of the national airs on the strange-looking instruments of the country. The next scene was, the procession of the bride and bridegroom from the church to the house. This takes place at night:—each person bearing a lighted wax taper instead of the lamp and cruise of oil, as was the custom in Syria eighteen hundred years ago. The musicians, followed by the bridegroom and his friends, and lastly the bride and her attendants, closed the procession:—when the curtain dropped to prepare for our introduction to a scene in a coffee-house, where the guests are entertained by a professional storyteller whose gestures and grotesque figure were admirable.—Before the termination of each performance, one of the company of Syrians got up and explained, in very good English, the whole of the matter in hand. We understand he was educated at the school of the American Missionaries at Beyrouth.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

NEW PUBLICATIONS. Instrumental Music.

SOME of the instrumental music which has accumulated on our table during the last busy month is of higher character than usual. The first piece which presents itself is one to be looked at with profound respect, but not to be attempted by the amateur. A professor of no common order must be—nay, more, a *solo* player of the very highest accomplishments—who can handle the *Airs Hongrois variés pour le Violon*, &c., by H. W. Ernst, with chance of a fortunate issue. Little or no music for the violin exists more difficult than the concert solo of the admirable player whose name prefaces this *fantasia*. There is, however, so much of grace, besides astonishment, in all Herr Ernst's Concert Music—such a variety and elegance in his passages—so many traces of unexpected fancy in the tissues of his works,—that the small number of his compositions is to be sincerely regretted; since they must be of first value as matter for practice, to those who may never hope, or will never venture, to perform them. These *Airs Hongrois* are only his twenty-second work.

Trois Quatuors pour deux Violons, Viola et Violoncelle. Par J. L. Ellerton—No. 61. *Trio für Violin, Tenor, und Violoncello.* By F. M. d'Alquier.—We notice these publications together, not because they are in any respect to be rated in the same scale of merit, but to express our satisfaction at the circumstance of any new composition in this classical form seeing the light of day in London. Mr. Ellerton's *Quatuors* have another recommendation—that of amateur parentage. To be respectable, even, in quartett writing demands something more than skin-deep amateurship, which was to long the rule of accomplishment among our gentle men of England who professed to care about music. We are gratified, then, by any sign of the increase of solid and thoughtful learning; and so far as we can judge, the themes of Mr. J. L. Ellerton's Quartetts are pleasing and their structure is orthodox. But that our insight is incomplete, will be at once understood when we mention that these works are not published in score.

Trio für Pianoforte, Violine und Violoncello, komponirt von Fanny Cäcilie Hensel, geb. Mendelssohn, Op. 11, No. 4, *Der Nachglaesenen Werk*.—This is a posthumous publication:—few or none of the compositions of Madame Hensel, the sister of Mendelssohn, having been printed in the lifetime of that distinguished woman. Well was this epithet deserved as regards music by Madame Hensel. Her pianoforte playing, though more delicate (as beffited her sex), bore a striking resemblance in style and character to that of her brother. There was in “the fingers” of both vivacity which does not generically belong to the execution of Germany—animated enough to quicken

and to carry off that which in heavier hands might have sounded merely abstruse and dry. The lady's memory and power of reading at sight were equal to her execution. As a composer, we have till now only known Madame Hensel by some accompanied melodies, bearing a very close likeness to her brother's 'Lieder.' There is less of direct imitation in this Trio,—though everywhere we perceive a family likeness in cast of thought, manner of treatment, &c. The first movement, an *Allegro molto vivace* in D minor, is large and spirited. The *Andante expressivo* in a major is less florid. To this follows an *Allegretto*, calling itself a *Lied*, in place of the old *Minuetto* or *Scherzo*:—in this the melody is too vague. Last comes the *fugue*, an *Allegro moderato* in D minor and major §: here the passages of brilliant display are more prominent than the phrases of melody which they serve to embroider. The movement requires unfailing energy; and if given in a slack or lady-like style would entirely fail of the desired effect. On the whole, apart from its origin, this Trio has more than common interest.

Trio for Pianoforte, Violin and Violoncello. By Charles Edward Stephens. Op. 1.—is a first work of good promise. The opening *Allegro con brio*, in F §, commences, in spite of its title, with a theme which is elegant rather than spirited; but the movement becomes brighter as it proceeds, being worked up with easy animation. In the *Adagio non troppo*, in A minor, the theme is cast in that quaint and ancient form to which, under the name of "Volkslied," Mendelssohn gave a place and a popularity in instrumental music; but the melody wants colour and decision, though the treatment is interesting without affectation or immoderate effort. The *Scherzo* is a good busy *Scherzo* in D minor. The *Finale*, in F major, common time, promises more than is performed in its elaboration,—Mr. Stephens showing himself more of a scholar in this than in any other portion of his *Trio*.

Leaving some slighter Pianoforte ware for a future day,—we will close the present notice by commending two new books containing *Six Pieces for the Violin and Piano Concertante*, Op. 41. By R. Molique.—The name implies ingenuity, if not precisely originality of form, variety of character, and high finish. Though the violin be better treated than the pianoforte, over which Herr Molique is apt to be despotic, there is much to engage the attention of both players, and to demand expression, neatness, freedom, and perfect command over time. No. 4 is our favourite:—as agreeable to hear as it is inviting to play. The fashion of these *bagatelles* for the two instruments seems to be on the increase:—and while remarking this we may mention, though we cannot review them, some compositions in this form by M. Reber, of Paris, which we remember because of their grace and individuality. We ought, too, to hear from some one the new short compositions for the violin by Herr David, of Leipzig,—which have been described to us as admirable.

THE ITALIAN OPERAS.—When the rival Operas will close this year may possibly depend upon the will of the sovereign people with respect to more last representations of 'Les Huguenots,' 'Il Prodigio,' 'Il Flauto,' 'Fidelio,' &c. But the season of producing novelty is now over; and the time is come to take a brief retrospect of a period which has been more busy and curious—to apply the old song-writer's two epithets anew—than satisfactory.

Mr. Lumley's management, showy though it has been, and experimental,—in thus claiming our sympathy,—has signally illustrated want of managerial tact in the selection of novelties, and in his working what should have been a very good company very badly. The one good move made at *Her Majesty's Theatre* was the production of 'Fidelio.' Of the four other unfamiliar grand Operas produced during the season, two old ones, a new one by Auber and one by Thalberg, none have succeeded.—Of the new singers who have appeared in rapid succession, only one has deserved to hold her ground; while no one has in the least diminished the steady value of Madame Sontag. Mlle. Duprez, a well-

trained beginner—and Madame Ugalde, in spite of her *Opéra-Comique* reputation—have been unable to sustain themselves here. Mlle. Cruvelli, again, notwithstanding the preternatural efforts made to present her as a Malibran *rediviva*, is already not far from that limbo of indifference which has closed over the triumphs of Mlle. Favanti and Mlle. Parodi. In her case, our disappointment has been greater than in theirs, because her natural gifts are more eminent. At present, however, they appear to us wasted beyond much hope of retrieval and spoilt past much chance of cure. Mlle. Albini has made it more evident this year than ever that as *prima donna assoluta* the Londoners will not accept her;—while the really successful new comer of the season, Madame Barbieri-Nini, made her *début* at a period when it was too late for her to produce any lasting impression. With herself, Madame Sontag, and Mlle. Albini,—and that clever and painstaking singer, Madame Giuliani, as *seconda donna*,—excellent things might have been done in the matter of *ensemble*. This, to our thinking, is worth any amount of novelty rapidly succeeding novelty. Our public, moreover, would at any time prefer a really fine performance to the trial of one "Lind that is to be" after another "Lind that is not." In short, let the panegyrists say what they will, the past season at *Her Majesty's Theatre* has been feverish rather than substantially valuable or offering promise for the future.

It is observable that at the *Royal Italian Opera* neither revivals of works laid by for some years nor positive novelties have succeeded, with the exception of two grand operas by Meyerbeer,—the present acceptance of 'Robert' counting merely as a half-success. Such a state of affairs indicates a fastidiousness on the part of the public demanding no ordinary diligence on the part of the management. It behoves the latter under such circumstances to keep every part of its executive force in *stato quo*. Considered in this point of view, we cannot hold Mr. Gye's to have been a satisfactory season. No one has been introduced competent to replace Mille. Vera or Corbari. The Covent Garden chorus has this year been weaker and under worse discipline than in former years. These remarks must be made all the more strictly since the establishment is understood to be in a most thriving condition. Let Mr. Gye be reminded that he is thriving on the character won in former seasons,—and that high repute will not be maintained by economy in a few *soprani* and *bassi*, or by foiling a Grisi or a Viardot with inferior playfellows. Feeling, as we do, that the Covent Garden standard has been of great importance to art, we cannot see it depreciated without words of warning earnest and early.—On the other hand, it must be chronicled that Mr. Gye has had unusual meteorological difficulties to contend with. Such a year of never-ending *influenza* has rarely visited "the tuneful choir." More than one of the singers belonging to the Royal Italian Opera have gone through the season with powers so seriously affected as to require indulgent construction and goodwill. Then, Signor Ronconi has been more troublesome than ever,—whence disappointments, changes, postponements in no common number. All these drawbacks and delays have been seriously damaging in more than one instance, where success was of vital consequence. For instance, they have hindered the immediate acceptance of M. Gounod's 'Safie,'—owned though that work is, by a majority large and important enough to establish a reputation, to be, as we have said, the most remarkable first appearance of its time. Seeing that M. Meyerbeer has no other opera ready for the coming winter, and that the Covent Garden public ignore M. Halevy, it is unfortunate for the management that circumstances should have chilled, in place of furthering, the welcome of the greatest rising musical genius of Europe:—thus adding another difficulty to those which must inevitably attend the campaign of 1852.—Enough, however, for the present, is the farewell sketch of our past Opera season.

OLYMPIC.—On Monday was produced, with equal vocal success, a new piece in two acts, called 'A Night's Adventures; or, Highways and Byways.'

The incident is borrowed from Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's 'Paul Clifford.' Claude du Val, a highwayman, robs the Lord Chief Justice in the most polite manner; and afterwards assumes the character of Count Chambord, agent to Charles Edward,—and becomes mixed up in a Pretender plot, much to the perplexity of his Lordship. Impudence, as usual, carries the hero through all perils; and at length he is suffered to escape. This is the simple ending,—without marriage or any other of the usual catastrophes to small dramas. The dialogue is poor,—and the interest so slender that the audience manifested impatience before the first act was concluded.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Mr. Barnum, the American monster-monger, has opened this theatre with an exhibition which it is disagreeable to witness and impossible to treat as a matter of Art. Two American children, Ellen and Kate Bateman, stated to be six and eight years of age, are here produced in the respective characters of *Richard the Third* and *Richmond* in the fifth act of Colley Cibber's tragedy. Ellen, who performs the crook-backed tyrant, carefully made up to look like Edmund Kean, has evidently been drilled by some one well acquainted with the style of that great actor, and elaborately wrought into a miniature resemblance of him. Not only the manner, but the voice has been tutored;—tone and emphasis have been imparted, as well as gesture and deportment. To us, who recollect every phase of the style of the departed tragedian, this exact copy was something painful and revolting.—Similar pains had been taken with the elder girl Kate,—who, armed *cap-a-pie*, strutted and fretted as Richmond. The delicacy of the children has been enormously exaggerated in their determination to produce effect. They are strained far beyond their natural powers;—and the result is, an impression of caricature and burlesque. Nor does this remark apply only to these tragic scenes,—but to the comic situations also which they are called on to fill in an adaptation of M. Scipio's 'Le Mariage Enfantin,' under the title of 'The Young Couple.' As this piece was originally contrived by the French author for Leontine Fay, and therefore fitted to the capacities of infant actors, exaggeration was here not needed. Helen and Kate Bateman, as the premature bride and bridegroom, have been excessively over-tutored,—and in the number and perfection of their points show the sort of elaboration to which they must have submitted in private. The practice which they have had in the United States has tended, of course, to confirm the tendencies of their early instruction, and already to stereotype their gesticulations and inflexions of voice.—In witnessing the unnatural exertions of these children, melancholy reflections press on the mind. What is to be the future of a talent thus unwholesomely developed? Their vocal organs cannot outlast the wear and tear to which they are now prematurely subjected,—and the mental faculties invested in the present experiment cannot be expected to operate spontaneously in future cases, after having been taught to rely on the drill in this. These children are already turned into machines; and thought in them is not merely prompted,—it is substituted.—The exhibition is not calculated for an English meridian.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—*Miss Glyn and the Management of Sadler's Wells Theatre.*—We have been requested by Miss Glyn to give insertion to the following answer to a paragraph which appeared in the "Dramatic Gossip" columns of our paper last week. Having then remarked on the subject, we cannot now refuse insertion to Miss Glyn's comment:—but it must of course be subject to any correction of the facts which the managers of the theatre may have to offer.—

"20, Claremont Terrace, Pentonville.
"I trust you will permit me to offer a few words of explanation in reference to the remark made by you last week on the fact of my sudden withdrawal from the boards of Sadler's Wells Theatre. —I owe too much to the encouragement which I have derived from your appreciation of my theatrical

